THE
NATION

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LETTERS

Which Side Whittaker?

Dear Sirs: Your editorial on March 23 dealing with the nomination of Mr. Justice Whittaker to the United States Supreme Court discusses his opinion in the case of Dr. Horace Davis, who sought to enjoin the University of Kansas City from denying his tenure rights and to order his reinstatement. Reading Judge Whittaker's opinion, one would come to a conclusion opposite from that of your editorial.

In the Davis case, Judge Whittaker said: "Plaintiff had a lawful right, under the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution, to refuse to answer, and no inference of criminality can be drawn from his failure to answer. But he did not have the constitutional right to remain a public school teacher." In the Slochower case, Mr. Justice Clark wrote: "At the outset we must condemn the practice of imputing a sinister meaning to the exercise of a person's constitutional right under the Fifth Amendment...." The Supreme Court said further: "To state that a person does not have a constitutional right to government employment is only to say that he must comply with reasonable, lawful, and nondiscriminatory terms laid down by the proper authorities. *Adler v. Board of Education of City of New York* upheld the New York Feinberg Law which authorizes the public school authorities to dismiss employees who, after notice and hearing, were found to advocate the overthrow of the Government by unlawful means, or who were unable to explain satisfactorily membership in certain organizations found to have that aim."

Thus so far it can be seen that the views of the Supreme Court and of Judge Whittaker were quite similar.

In the Davis case, Judge Whittaker insisted that it was a responsibility of the university to determine whether he was a fit teacher by questioning him as to his Communist connections. He concluded by saying: "It was clearly open to the University officials to find, upon notice and hearing, as they did find, that plaintiff's failure to answer their questions as to whether he was a member of the Communist Party, constituted 'adequate cause' for plaintiff's dismissal as a teacher in the University of Kansas City." Mr. Justice Clark, in the Slochower case, said: "It is one thing for the city authorities themselves to inquire into Slochower's fitness.... This is not to say that Slochower has a constitutional right to be an associate professor of German at Brooklyn College. The State has broad powers in the selection and discharge of its employees, and it may be that proper inquiry would show Slochower's continued employment to be inconsistent with a real interest of the state."

Is there any real difference between the conclusions reached in the two cases?

PAUL L. ROSS

New York City

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the Slochower case, the Supreme Court noted that the questions put to the professor by the Senate subcommittee were ". . . admittedly asked for a purpose wholly unrelated to his college functions." The fact is that Professors Slochower and Davis were asked substantially identical questions by the same Internal Security subcommittee investigating the same field: subversive influences in the Aemrican educational system. If the questions asked of Dr. Slochower were irrelevant to his college functions, so were those asked of Dr. Davis. But Judge Whittaker considered the questions quite pertinent. In fact he declared that "...the University officials would have been derelict in their duties had they not asked plaintiff—in the light of his refusal to answer the Senate subcommittee's questions as to whether he was a Communist—whether he was or had ever been a member of the Communist Party," and had they not fired him for declining to answer.*

The whole point is that Judge Whittaker's opinion in Davis *is permeated with a crusader's zeal to put "godless" teachers to the sword lest they continue to occupy "...a most intimate position to mould the minds of the youth of the country. . . ." Justice Clark, in* Slochower, *on the other hand, places his emphasis on the need to protect the individual from unfair and arbitrary state action.*

Abreast of Censorship

Dear Sirs: The Committee on Intellectual Freedom of the American Library Association announces that its *Newsletter,* a quarterly over-view of censorship activities in the United States, especially as related to libraries, books, the press and other communications media, is now priced at $2.00 a year (four issues) starting with the March 31 issue. Subscriptions are being handled through the Subscriptions Department of the American Library Association, 50 East Huron Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

DONALD E. STOUT

Urbana, Illinois

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Contempt for Counsel

The House Committee on Un-American Activities, which has cited a good many citizens for contempt, now stands convicted of contemptuous conduct. The Board of Governors of the State Bar of California has issued a report sharply criticizing the conduct of hearings by the committee as "improper . . . lacking in dignity and impartiality" marked by "grossly offensive" personal remarks "directed at counsel for witnesses." In the hearings on which the report is based, witnesses were asked if they knew as a Communist one of the lawyers who had entered an appearance, although he was not one of the witnesses whom the committee intended to call. In response to a question by the committee's counsel, an informer was asked if she knew one of the attorneys appearing for another witness as a Communist. Thereafter this attorney was referred to by the committee's counsel as "Comrade." Attorneys who insisted on making objections for the record were summarily ejected from the hearing room, even though their behavior, according to the Board of Governors, was at no time disrespectful, unruly or boisterous.

This is not the first occasion in which one of the inquisitorial committees has shown its contempt for the right to counsel. Harry Sacher, an attorney who has represented a number of defendants in political prosecutions, is currently appealing his own conviction for contempt in refusing to answer certain questions before the Senate Internal Security Committee (he did not plead the Fifth Amendment). Mr. Sacher, under interrogation about his representation of left-wing clients, objected that the questioning invaded the lawyer-client relation; the questioning then turned to his personal political beliefs. This happened while there was pending in the courts a motion for a new trial in a Smith Act prosecution in which Sacher represented certain defendants.

The right to have "the Assistance of Counsel" is guaranteed by the Constitution; Congressional committees exhibit contempt for the right when they attempt to intimidate counsel. Perhaps the courts cannot compel Congressional committees to conduct their hearings fairly, but they can refuse to sustain contempt convictions arising out of hearings in which the right to counsel has been denied or unduly restricted, or where there is an attempt to intimidate counsel.

Bases of Discord

Washington

We habitually point to our record in the Philippines to show how much wiser we've been than the colonial powers. We have some reason for pride in having freed the Filipinos and supported them while they learned to toddle independently, or semi-independently anyway. It's all the more unfortunate that American-Philippine friendship is now threatened with disruption.

The trouble comes from the ten-year-old pact under which the United States got some thirty-two military bases in the Philippines. The government and people there are asking questions. They want to know why we insisted on ninety-nine-year tenancy for our bases in the Philippines, while we were content with a ten-year lease for Spanish bases. They object to the sprawling size of our larger bases—one covers 160,000 acres, another 175,000—which withdraws land from cultivation.

What rankles most, however, is that the American bases are a privileged judicial sanctuary. American military authorities are said to have refused even to disclose the offender's name when an American sentry shot a Filipino. Filipinos contrast such practices with arrangements America made elsewhere. For instance, our bases agreement with Iceland forbids U.S. military courts from exercising jurisdiction over Icelandic citizens and grants Iceland's authorities jurisdiction over American troops if they break Icelandic law.

Last year we negotiated with the Philippines about all this. The efforts to produce a fairer arrangement were deadlocked. On American initiative, the talks were recessed. Now our new ambassador to the Philippines, Charles Bohlen, is to try again.

There's good reason for haste. On November 5 Filipinos go to the polls to choose a new president to succeed Ramon Magsaysay, killed in a plane crash last month. Privately, the White House, State and Defense Departments are hoping that the winner will be Carlos Garcia, primarily because they distrust and dislike his principal opponent, Claro Recto. What put Recto in the U.S. government's bad books wasn't his subservience to the Japanese overlords while he was Philippine wartime foreign minister. Nor is it his opposition to Magsaysay's agrarian reform. Recto is distrusted here because he has been crusading against the unequal bases agreement.

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The Eisenhower team has excellent cause for ordering Ambassador Bohlen to hurry to Manila. If he concludes an equitable new agreement on time, he may silence the drum with which Recto could lure an anti-U.S. majority to the polls. We could push the Filipinos into the neutralist camp if we remain stubborn about the bases and if we take this ally for granted.

The Unremarkable Mr. Rich

One of the less pressing but nonetheless humanly entertaining mysteries of the year is the identity of Robert Rich. He has won an Oscar for writing *The Brave One*, which the Motion Picture Academy considers the best original screen play of the year, but the King Brothers, producers of the film, seem curiously unable to identify him. Certainly he never wrote anything for Hollywood before, and he does not seem to be reachable by any of the means of communication normally available to film executives.

Of course, in the absence of *the* Mr. Rich, other candidates bearing the same name have come forward. Their claims have not held up very well and the Oscar is at present resting in the King Brothers safe awaiting a call from a little man with a goatee whom Frank King says he remembers buying a six-page story outline from five years ago in Munich. Mr. King thinks he may have moved to Turkey.

We don't know what happened, but we do know that there is a lot of script-writing talent in the world today that Hollywood can no longer admit to using—Fifth Amendment talent. If a studio happened to stumble on a story from this literary oubliette, and happened to be hungry for a picture that could win an Oscar, it might just think of resorting to a nom de plume (see *The Nation* of March 30 for William Wyler's unhappy experience with the writing credit for *Friendly Persuasion*, which the Screen Writers' Guild insists belongs to a Fifth Amendment writer). "Robert Rich" is a plausible, unremarkable name for such a purpose—it doesn't arouse any curiosity and the King Brothers may have forgotten that when you win an Oscar you have to produce a human being to take the bows. The trouble with a name like Robert Rich is that it is almost too unremarkable. There are eight men of that name in the phone books of greater New York and there must be dozens of them across the country—some of whom would like to have an Oscar for the trouble of growing a goatee.

The Eagles In New York

Senator James O. Eastland came to New York last week to deliver the final lecture in the annual AWARE-Alliance series in the Hunter College auditorium before a crowd evidently starving for his words. Shouts of "Right," "Yes, yes!" and "You tell 'em" gave the gathering the flavor of an old-fashioned revival meeting as the man from Mississippi drove home the gospel that the NAACP and the Communist Party were working hand in hand to destroy segregation, and thus, the nation. The Senator qualified himself as a magnanimous gentleman by first explaining that he wasn't at all for depriving the Negroes of their "economic rights" and that, as a case in point, back on his plantation in the Delta, one of his four top managers was "a member of the nigra race."

The tone of brotherly love, in fact, was set from the start of the meeting by a master of ceremonies who read the full text of the resolution passed by the Louisiana legislature in praise of Manning Johnson, a Negro former Communist who testified before the legislature that the NAACP and the Communist Party were working hand in hand to overthrow the government of the United States. Mr. Johnson was dropped as a paid consultant to the Department of Justice in 1954 after solemnly identifying Ralph Bunche as a member of the Communist Party. The emcee of the Eastland rally announced with pride that Mr. Johnson had been at the door that very night taking tickets, and that his devotion was a wonderful thing. "We call him 'The Black Eagle,'" the announcer said.

As Senator Eastland cried out the words of his cause, proclaiming that "in the heart of Dixie" nothing had changed in three years despite the Supreme Court ruling, and that nothing was going to change, he flung his arms wide at shoulder height and stood in all his glory as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee and defier of the law of the United States of America—no doubt unmistakable to the admiring throng as "The White Eagle." And in the meantime, Manning Johnson was nowhere to be seen inside the auditorium. He probably understood that "his place" was outside at the ticket booth.

The Menace of Abundance

Washington

Last month the Administration suddenly announced that long-staple cotton has ceased to be in critical shortage and that the United States will consequently sell its strategic stockpile. Under the law, the plan for disposing of these supplies must lie before Congress for six months and then be approved before the cotton may be marketed. Mainly used for fabrics requiring strong thread, long-staple cotton completely dominates the economies of Egypt and the Sudan, and occupies a major sector in Peru's economic life. Of Peru's total export revenues, 28 per cent are derived from the sale of long-staple cotton. The corresponding figures for the Sudan and Egypt are respectively "more than 80 per cent" and 92 per cent.

The U. S. government has withheld information

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about the amount of long-staple cotton we intend to release. In a protest delivered to the State Department the other day, the Peruvian Ambassador estimated it at 250,000 bales; the Egyptian and Sudanese have heard that the figure is between 300,000 and 400,000. If unloosed on the world market, any such quantitiy could be a threat to the livelihood of these countries. The Sudan's entire annual export, for example, is in the neighborhood of 300,000 bales.

The Egyptian and Peruvian embassies in Washington have presented strong notes to the United States; the Peruvian note called our cotton export policy "a menace." The Ambassador of the new-born Sudanese Republic visited the Assistant Secretary of State for the Middle East, William Roundtree, and spoke of his country's grave foreboding. This is the beginning of the season when these nations begin sales, and they fear that buyers will hold back in the hope of picking up American cotton later in the year at cut-rate prices.

The Egyptian memorandum said U.S. marketing of its long-staple cotton stockpile would directly hurt that country. There was a special irony in its plaintive message because the bulk of the American cotton stockpile to be thrown on the market was imported from Egypt.

COLLUSION: the HIDDEN ISSUE . . *by Bernard D. Nossiter*

Washington

AFTER FLOUNDERING for three weeks in the fantasy-world of a penny ante "rackets" operator, the Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor or Management Field at long last began to reach out for the root cause of union corruption—collusion with management. Playing unwitting Virgil to the Committee's Dante was a leonine, white-haired Chicago "labor-relations advisor," Nathan W. Shefferman.

A self-described spreader of "good will" between management and labor, Shefferman offered some suggestive but incomplete testimony concerning his Labor Relations Associates firm which, he said, has separate offices in New York, Chicago and Detroit. The amiable, sixty-nine-year-old witness emphasized that he has only employers as his clients. But, he explained, to get "recognition" from old clients and potential new ones, he ingratiates himself with union leaders. For twenty years, he was a friend of Dave Beck, Teamsters president. Testifying that he had bought at least $85,000 worth of goods and services for Dave at wholesale, he explained that it was only recently that he discovered that Dave was "reimbursing" him with Teamsters dues money. In effect, Shefferman was one channel through which Beck allegedly siphoned off his union's dollars.

At least three times in his two days on the stand, Shefferman tried to tell the Senators about another $400,000 he said he had spent for union officials and employers. Most of this, he said, was for employers.

The witness raised a question in the mind of at least one Senator, John F. Kennedy (D., Mass.): was Shefferman's spreading of "good will" simply the buying off of strikes or the buying off of union organizers from unorganized shops? Behind this question lie more fundamental ones: are modern business unions really not so powerful as they are popularly portrayed? In fact, have not industry's Sheffermans acted as brokers draining away the unions' ultimate power? Are unions becoming instruments to tame workers rather than to advance their economic interests?

There is no guarantee that the committee will follow Shefferman's lead with any enthusiasm. Committee Counsel Robert F. Kennedy assured brother John that it will. But time passes, Senators are busy and overt crime catches more headlines than this complex area. However, the committee's announced intention to point up some "examples" of collusion almost guarantees that a record of sorts will be written.

Close observers of the committee have noted the remarkable capacity of both Chairman John L. McClellan (D., Ark.) and Counsel Kennedy to learn and absorb. If at first they seemed like wanderers in a strange land, nobody questions their cunning now. The trap sprung for James Riddle Hoffa demonstrated that. Moreover, Beck's cat-and-mouse game in Europe with McClellan, and the Teamsters president's subsequent plunge into McClellan's net at the perfect moment confirmed this.

The hearings have now passed through three stages:

1. The opening weeks showed that sex makes page 1 and that "vice" in a Northwest city of 471,000 largely depends on the recreations of low-income minority groups. The committee fell far short in its self-assigned task of substantiating the dream of a Portland, Oregon, "vice" figure that the Teamsters were trying to take over his rackets. But at the very least, the Senators demonstrated that the union's leaders had far bigger fish to fry.

2. The next phase dealt with Frank W. Brewster, the Teamsters power west of Hoffa, and Brewster's free-spending ways with the union's treasuries. This showed the committee's remarkable capacity for tracing checks through devious paths to document a point. But perhaps the most interesting item—the $440,000 that the Teamsters "invested" to take a truck company from one employer and hand it over cost-free to

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another employer—was barely explored. The public still does not know what *quid pro quo*, if any, Brewster and other Teamsters leaders are getting for this handsome gift.

But with Beck and his clown prince, Shefferman (who, among other services, entertained the pudgy Teamsters president with Jewish dialect stories), the committee broke fresh ground for the Senate—though not for the labor historian. How far will Chairman McClellan and his colleagues now go? A reporter following the proceedings can only draw inferences from the public manners of the principals; private intentions remain private.

ON THE Republican side, the committee is a mixed bag. Irving Ives (N.Y.) is the most knowledgeable of all eight committee Senators in the collective-bargaining area. But at the hearings, he was interested only in Shefferman's services to union officials, not to employers. With Brewster, he raised but never pursued the interesting questions of why the broker handling Western Teamsters welfare funds grosses a $400,000 annual fee and what economic function is performed by the insurance company that skims off about $2.8 millions a year from these funds. Senator Ives's primary interest appears to lie in testimony supporting his bill requiring disclosure and filing of union health and welfare funds. He also favors tightening the Taft-Hartley Act's financial-reporting provision for unions.

Barry Goldwater (Ariz.) relentlessly tracks down material on union political spending to bolster his bill to curtail these outlays. Goldwater's aim is to prevent unions from spending in state elections (there are now relatively few bars to this) and to plug up the loophole that permits unions to spend for "education" in federal campaigns.

Karl Mundt (S. Dak.) makes jolly jokes about the plight of "John C. Truckdriver" (presumably there will be more to come about John C. Operating Engineer, John C. Garbage Collector, etc., as the committee goes into other unions). Mundt also solemnly praises Teamsters witnesses who loudly proclaim their hatred of communism and other forms of sin.

Joseph R. McCarthy (Wis.) has apparently picked Walter Reuther as his issue in the 1958 Wisconsin Senate primary and election. McCarthy, who has been in close touch with Westbrook Pegler, promises to show that Beck smells like "attar of roses" compared to Mr. Reuther. Joe may "have here in my hands" documents showing United Auto Workers' payments to underworld figures (made in the course of UAW's intensive search for the never-discovered hoodlum who attempted to assassinate Reuther). He may also have dug up routine union payments to local police and other officials for "cooperation" during strikes. Such payments, of course, are stock-in-trade for many of the most reputable trade unions, just as they are with many employers. Joe could have some fun with them, however. On the other hand, the Senator's own record is so peculiar and Reuther's personal life is so clean that this sideshow may never hit the bigtime.

The committee's Democrats ride hobby horses, too. Sam Ervin (N.C.) of the astonishingly popping eyebrows is a dedicated spokesman for legal rights. He has already read Mundt and McCarthy a stern lecture on the sanctity of client-lawyer relationships (although the client in question, Beck, and the lawyer, former Senator James H. Duff, are no friends of Ervin's). The North Carolinian has also found it necessary to demolish the notion that lie-detector evidence is worth a hoot in any court, whatever its use to cops seeking "quickie" confessions.

Pat McNamara (Mich.) is the troubled, old line A. F. of L. craft trades unionist. He doesn't enjoy seeing the dirty linen washed. But if the job has to be done, he appears to be saying, let's do it manfully because the consequences of unanswered charges could be far worse.

Chairman McClellan is the hardest to characterize. His firm but courteous control of the committee, replete with prima donnas, is a treat to behold. He combines the shrewdness of a courthouse lawyer with the dignity that seems appropriate to the marbled Caucus Room stage where the hearings are held. His wry look is that of a Fundamentalist preacher anticipating—and deploring—man's sin. But like his fellow Southern Democrats and at least three of the four Republicans on the committee, he has won no laurels as a champion of the labor movement.

John Kennedy, the political glamor boy, has appeared least at the hearings. But in one quick flash on the morning of May 27, he drove for the jugular: Shefferman's possible role as a broker in collusion. Counsel Robert told brother John that the committee was developing "evidence" on this point. (Several days after Shefferman left the stand, Ives toyed with Kennedy's notion that Shefferman may have violated the Taft-Hartley Act's ban on employer gifts to union officials with whom they bargain. Ives, however, told a television audience that the committee had *already* compiled a record on this!)

DESPITE Shefferman's careful avoidance of the self-incriminating, he talked a lot. He talked about getting "recognition" from employers by establishing a reputation for being friendly with labor officials; he talked of buying hard-to-get goods at a discount for his friends (for thirteen years, Shefferman had been labor-relations consultant for Sears, Roebuck & Co.); he talked about his mission in life—the ending of "misunderstandings" between labor and management. The witness told of making more than $139,000 net for himself, his son, Dave Beck, Dave Beck, Jr. and Mrs. Dave Beck's cousin by selling toy trucks, furniture for headquarters and a "visible file" system to the Teamsters.

Shefferman minimized the work his firm does in negotiating contracts. He indignantly denied that he was a party to collusive union-employer dealings. But in a private conversation, an associate filled in a few more details. This man noted that the firm represents employers in both union and non-union shops; that its "morale building" among non-union workers would

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tend to soften demand for unionization. In unionized stores and plants, this man noted, one objective might be to maintain a "warm" relationship with the union's business agent to reduce costly worker grievances.

Neither Beck, Shefferman nor Shefferman's associate would talk on or off the record about Teamsters breaking strikes by making deliveries to strike-ridden stores. But such tactics are not without ample precedent for the Teamsters. James Carey of the International Union of Electrical Workers is passing material on this point to the AFL-CIO's Ethical Practices Committee. It could enter into the federation's case against Beck.

In shadow form, then, there emerges the picture of a union which is turning its founding purpose upside down. Instead of being a workers' instrument for winning higher wages and better conditions, it is making under-the-table deals with employers affecting the union's own membership or the members of other unions. To be sure, this picture may be accurate for only certain segments of the Teamsters; moreover, the business agent or higher official who sold out some local yesterday may be fighting an orthodox trade-union struggle today.

BUT THIS crude model of a sell-out union is not confined to Teamsters. Unions serving employer interests are in many industries and are almost as old as organized labor. They flourish in raw form in jungle industries where there are many highly competitive employers. They often serve to rationalize the uneconomic practices of small firms. Retailing, trucking and the building trades are inviting fields for them.

As for the committee, it has already said it will look at one "pure" specimen, the Long Island (N.Y.) Operating Engineers "union" of heavy equipment construction workers. This outfit is ostensibly run by the DeKoning family. A National Labor Relations Board trial examiner ruled in September that four out of five rank-and-file members of the DeKoning "union" are "constitutionally" prevented from choosing their own officers. The remaining fifth, the NLRB ruled, comprise either contractors or their agents.

The Operating Engineers are a classic example of employer domination of a union. But throughout nonrationalized industry, variants are present; the employers may control locals through business agents, local officers, a middleman "fixer," higher union officials or politicians. But regardless of the mechanism, the aim is the same: maximize profits by reducing costs, specifically labor costs.

ANOTHER classic case of almost an entire union operating as an agency for employers *was* the International Longshoremen's Association, particularly in its dominant Port of New York local. But an intensive New York investigation led to unexpected protection for rank-and-file activity. The dockers' almost inarticulate demands and the watchful eyes of local policing agencies have frightened many of the I.L.A.'s old leaders. Pushed by a few decent officials, they have opted to hang onto their jobs by playing a legitimate trade-union game. Festering spots still remain, but major I.L.A. segments have been transformed. Today, the union has won a high-wage contract and its first coast-wide pact (which prevents sell-out leaders from sabotaging a New York strike by sending ships to other ports). Moreover, the I.L.A. is making efforts to organize front offices of shipping companies. These clerks in the past have always been rushed through longshoremen picket lines to load and unload struck passenger vessels.

A much more complicated question troubling some labor theorists is what is happening to unions in the rationalized, price-administered industries. Here, a handful of corporate giants prevail. They, too, seek to maximize profits, but have much more sophisticated notions about long-term objectives and short-term tactics. Examples are autos, steel, electrical machinery and the like. Union leaders in these areas enjoy a clean reputation in the public mind (political and ideological questions aside). But a new trend is growing. The giants avoid unprofitable fights with their unions. They are more inclined to treat and meet with union leaders; perhaps pass on to them stock market tips; get them and their followers important government jobs, and the like. What does this new status do to the union leadership? Some theorists suggest that given the natural bent of any bureaucracy to aim at perpetuating itself by avoiding real crisis and difficulty (note the growth of long-term contracts), the industrial union leaders have become complacent. Strikes may be fought to reduce burdensome inventories for employers rather than to win higher wages and better conditions.

Moreover, cost questions enter the picture. United States Steel can save money by paying steel-union workers to alter plants instead of subcontracting work out to building-trades employers who pay high hourly scales. General Motors would infinitely prefer to have Walter Reuther's men drive its trucks loaded with cars for dealers instead of the marauding and unreliable Teamsters.

If the above analysis is correct, then it contradicts the stock image that unions *qua* unions have never been more powerful. In fact, this theory suggests the very reverse. The "powerful unions" theory rests in large measure on the size of union treasuries. But the best survey of organized labor's income, that by the industry-backed National Industrial Conference Board, said that in 1955 the total income of unions—dues, assessments and initiation fees—totaled about $500 millions. General Motors' gross sales that year were about thirteen times as much at $12.44 billions. Total American output in 1955 was valued at $391 billions. Thus, all unions' income amounted to about 1/8 of 1 per cent of the economy's gross.

Judging by the Teamsters, much of this pittance, moreover, is squandered by officials aping the expense accounts, stock-option plans, bonuses and other legitimized treasury raids conducted by the corporation officials with whom they bargain.

Union power, of course, has precious little to do with money, Beck's $9 undershirts notwithstanding.

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Union power lies in the united action of workers to offer or withhold their services. Unions whose leaders are bought by employers or unions whose leaders are taken into camp by more sophisticated techniques are actually draining away workers' power.

To the Soviet Union goes the credit for first discovering that trade unions are fine instruments to tame workers (just as the American Communist Party invented the technique of providing a union with an outward show of democratic, rank-and-file control while actually sewing up internal power in the hands of a few faithful). In Russia, the function of unions is to increase production. Unions also serve the ruling bureaucracy as a handy channel to siphon off worker discontent.

It would be overdrawing the picture to contend that American unions are becoming Sovietized. But the sketchy evidence is intriguing. If industry is to be rationalized in the brave, new, depression-proof world, why not rationalize unions? The worker may have no dignity, but think of the cars, television sets, suburban homes and other amenities he can have in this richest of all possible worlds. Moreover, stable and high-level mass purchasing power would clear industry's markets of goods.

These problems, however, would appear to lie outside of even the extensive jurisdiction of McClellan's committee. To explore them would probably require extraordinary subpoena power, as well as the shrewdness of the Senator, the enthusiasm of his young counsel, the analytic ability of a Wassily Leontief and the synthesizing insights of a C. Wright Mills.

THE LIMITATIONS OF AN ARMS DIPLOMACY

NATO'S VANISHING ARMIES . . *by Paul Johnson*

London

HAS AMERICA'S policy in Europe since the war been a failure? Are we in a better position to meet the threat of Soviet aggression now than in 1949? Has NATO proved, in the long run, an obstacle to European security? These are some of the questions being asked in Europe today. Only a few short years ago, there was unanimous agreement, outside the West European Communist parties, for a collective defense system for the area. The discovery that Russia possessed the A-bomb destroyed the illusion that Europe could safely disarm under the shelter of the American atomic umbrella; the Berlin blockade and Korea appeared to show that Russia had the intention, as well as the means, to impose her aggressive policies of expansion by military force, to which West Europe had no effective defense. It was therefore decided to create a joint army of twenty-two modern divisions, one-third of them armored, as a protective screen which would delay the onslaught of 180 Soviet divisions until the massive retaliatory power of the American Strategic Air Command could come into action. To realize this vision, the Atlantic pact was approved by overwhelming majorities in the European legislatures; SHAPE was created; defense budgets were doubled, in some cases tripled; a Europe which had recently been devastated by German military power swallowed, though with great reluctance, the bitter pill of a rearmed Germany; and America contributed, in direct or off-shore military aid, some $20 billions, together with an army of 150,000 men.

Nearly eight years later, the vision is still receding into the future. America's five divisions in Germany still constitute the bulk of NATO's land-defense power. Apart from Britain's four-division Rhine Army, soon to be cut by half, SHAPE disposes of only two under-strength divisions from Holland and Belgium, the equivalent of one division from Canada and Denmark, and a skeleton division, mainly of training units, from France—scarcely thirteen divisions in all, backed by air units which, it is calculated, represent only one half the force envisaged in NATO's original plans. The German legions will not begin to take the field for another two years; by that time, the British cuts will have been put into effect, and it is likely that her example will have been followed by NATO's smaller members. Nearly all the West European governments are cutting their defense budgets, or planning to do so. Though publicly deploring NATO's failure to meet its targets, and disseminating optimism for the future, SHAPE's experts privately admit that between thirteen and fifteen divisions are as much as they are ever likely to get.

Despite this, NATO's failure to reach military targets considered by its creators as the irreducible minimum is not regarded here in Europe as a major catastrophe. To be sure, SHAPE commanders — with the single exception of Eisenhower, who then as now exudes an atmosphere of unfounded optimism— have sounded notes of stern warning from time to time. But they have found no echo in the actions, and precious little in the words, of European statesmen. Two years ago, General Gruenther stated emphatically that any further reduction in NATO's

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effectives would be "fatal"; but this did not prevent the French government from withdrawing their remaining active units in the vain attempt to suppress the Algerian rebellion. America's two principal European partners have tended increasingly to give their needs as colonial powers priority over the requirements of collective security in Europe. The pathetic Anglo-French invasion force which gathered in Cyprus was composed partly of units, and largely of material, withdrawn from the European theatre. The bulk of the bombers used to destroy Egypt's war potential, and almost all the fighters which escorted them, had been built, under the off-shore agreements, with funds supplied by America for the defense of Europe, and their employment in this task was a flagrant breach of a solemn contract. Yet when this was pointed out to Sir Anthony Eden, he merely retorted that it was impossible, in practice, to "separate" the two types of war material. In Algeria, the French have been even less scrupulous, and it could well be argued that, without American military aid, their attempts to subjugate the rebels would collapse overnight.

NATO, it might be said, has merely provided these old colonial powers with the opportunity to pursue outdated policies which otherwise would have been beyond their resources. It has not materially increased their capacity to defend themselves against Soviet attack, since on the one occasion such an attack seemed imminent—when Marshal Bulganin delivered his "ultimatum" on November 5, threatening Britain and France with long-range rockets—they were no more able to defend themselves than they had been before NATO was founded, and their security depended solely, as in 1949, on America's powers of atomic retaliation. In this respect, it would appear that there is little difference between Europe and Southeast Asia: in neither theatre has American policy succeeded in its primary object—to decrease the dependence of the "free" nations on American military power. The only difference would seem to be that whereas in Southeast Asia American arms diplomacy has given local governments the means to pursue reactionary policies at home, in Europe it has reawakened the temptation to pursue them abroad.

Following this line of argument, it is easy to conclude that NATO has been a disastrous and costly failure. Indeed, it is possible to go further and maintain that it is the principal obstacle to a peaceful settlement of Europe's problems. Rightly or wrongly, Russia has always regarded NATO as a threat to her security; and the common denominator in all her various proposals for a compromise on German reunification—let alone the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Eastern Europe—has been a fundamental modification in the military provisions of the alliance. It could be argued that, until NATO was created, our diplomatic position was relatively fluid, and we were in a position to negotiate; but that, once having created NATO, we could not, in order to secure a bargain with Russia, disband it without admitting either that the Russian threat no longer existed, or that we would no longer take steps to meet it.

THERE IS AN element of truth in these arguments, but it is not the whole truth. Given the circumstances of 1949, it is difficult to imagine any viable alternative to NATO. America did not then possess the H-bomb; Europe was disarmed and virtually defenseless against the massive power of the Soviet divisions; Stalin was still alive, messianic, unpredictable, drifting on the threshold of insanity. Although America possessed a growing stock-pile of A-bombs, she did not then possess the means to deliver them on an inter-continental scale, and it was generally maintained in military circles, perhaps with reason, that tactical atomic striking power, in the form it existed at the time, would not be a decisive weapon in a campaign, fought mainly with conventional weapons, in which overwhelming military strength rested with one side. If Russia struck, it was felt, Western Europe would be rapidly over-run, and America would be forced once again—and this time without the decisive assistance of Britain—to mount the lengthy and costly operation of re-establishing herself on the continent.

Perhaps even more important than these purely military considerations was the psychology of the Europe of 1949, a Europe painfully recovering from the economic effects of World War II, a Europe which was only beginning to receive the assistance—and had not yet reaped the fruits—of Marshall Aid, a Europe where the accession to power, by legitimate means, of mass-based Communist parties was still a real possibilty. To many people, NATO was a physical instrument whereby Europe's will to survive could be saved and nurtured, for it must be remembered that the primary lesson which the European democracies drew from World War II was that it could have been averted by a system of collective security, by specific pledges to resist aggression in specific circumstances. Looking back from the vantage-point of 1957, we may be tempted to dismiss such a view as illusory, to argue that the existence of such systems is as great a danger to peace as their absence. But it would have been difficult to foresee this at the time, and we cannot expect from our political leaders that they should learn the lesson of the next war, as well as of the last.

INDEED, if in retrospect one is obliged to criticize the concept of NATO—and hence the fundamental American policy that Europe could be saved by arms and money alone—the criticism must be directed not against its creation but against its failure, or rather its inability, to adapt itself to changing military and political conditions. NATO was the last politico-military institution to take shape before the advent of the thermo-nuclear age. Before the Russians reached H-bomb parity in 1953-4, it was conceivable that an East-West struggle might be of considerable duration, that the conquest or the defense of territory would be one of its features and that therefore conventional forces would play a major, or even determining, role in it. Up to the Geneva summit conference, where the great powers tacitly admitted the existence of the thermo-nuclear stalemate, NATO had a mil-

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itary *raison d'être*. Since then, however, it has become not merely an anachronism but a political embarrassment.

The tragedy is that the West has been slow to realize, or at any rate publicly to admit, this fact, and has therefore been unable to reap the political advantages which flow from it. To put it bluntly, we are now back where we started in 1949; Europe's security once more depends exclusively on the American deterrent, and NATO's function, if it has one at all, is merely to act as a "trip-wire" which will set the deterrent system in action. Instinctively almost, this salient truth is beginning to be realized in West European capitals. Governments, hard pressed by economic problems and in particular by the consequences of the oil crisis, are perceiving that the military value of NATO, in its present form, no longer justifies the immense strain which it places on their economies. They are therefore beginning, as in Britain, to disband their troops, or, as in France, to employ them in projects more directly related to their national interests.

Unfortunately, although NATO is withering away, it is doing so in a furtive and unsystematic manner. Unwilling to admit that the system is being dismantled as the result of a deliberate political decision, the West is foregoing the chance to extract, through negotiation, concessions from Russia in return. We appear to have forgotten that the original object of the NATO policy was to erect a position of strength which could be used at a bargaining-counter in an eventual compromise with Russia; that NATO was simply a means to an end. Instead it has become an end in itself, a sacred cow which must be preserved at all costs—at least in appearance. Meanwhile, the substance trickles away, and every month the value of NATO to the West, not only as a military but also as a political asset, declines.

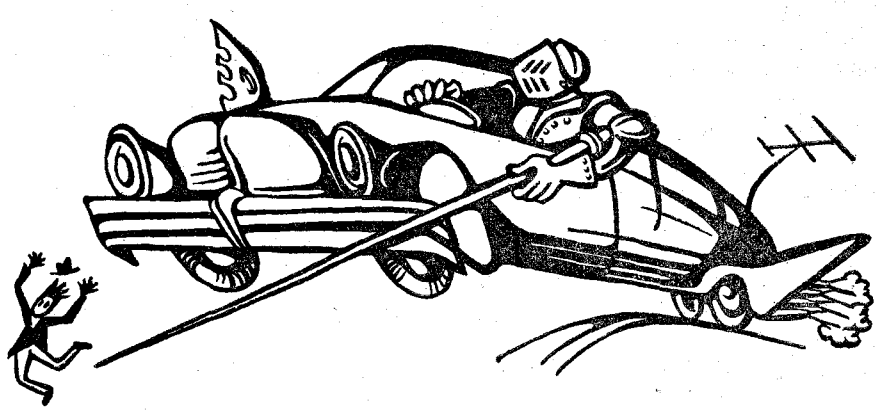
THE inherent weakness of a foreign policy based mainly on military considerations is that, though military factors change rapidly, the politico-military institutions which the policy creates tend to become rigid and self-perpetuating, and in time constitute positive obstacles to the objectives which the policy sets out to attain. Except in periods of acute crisis, an arms diplomacy is no substitute for diplomacy as such. Some elements in the West—the British Labor Party, for instance—are beginning to remember this elementary fact. The sooner America follows suit the better for us all.

KNIGHT in TWO-TON ARMOR . . *by David Cort*

BY FAR THE bloodiest of all Congressional hearings—and possibly the least publicized—have just been released by the Government Printing Office, in 927 pages, for the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. The subject was highway traffic accidents.

Everyone seemed to know the famous figures: 20,000,000 traffic-court cases a year, 9,000,000 accidents, 1,300,000 people injured, 100,000 totally and permanently disabled, and about 40,000 killed immediately, plus an unknown number who died later of the effects. The money cost was $4,500,000,000 annually. In the fifteen through thirty-five age brackets, one out of three deaths is caused by the motor vehicle, said one witness, who thought it incompatible with the American philosophy that we ignore our leading cause of death.

In the parade of witnesses, the automobile industry was brilliantly represented. Its claim that the horsepower race is not at all dangerous was corroborated, oddly, by a National Safety Council official. Ford, Chrysler and American Motors engineers gave evidence of elaborate, intelligent and sincere research into how to make cars safer for the driver and passengers. (General Motors was quoted as opposed to this endeavor.) The old steering-post that could hit the driver's chest with a six-ton force even in case of a 15 m.p.h. crash (deceleration magnitude: eighty gravities) has been eliminated.



Drawing by Virga

Hurtling passengers will bounce off Ensolite-padded dashboards and be held inside the car by doors with improved locks; the foresighted will prosper in seat-belts. Even General Motors, while insisting that power is what is for sale in an automobile, gave proof that it, too, is wondering what happens to the people when an automobile ends its career suddenly.

When a witness working on a Ford research grant at Cornell said that the first step toward highway safety was to get all the old cars off the roads, I thought I had had a preview

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of next year's advertising campaign for the new cars. If safety can be used to promote obsolescence, perhaps it will get sold.

Other witnesses filled in another reason why Detroit may soon have to embrace safety, willy-nilly.

Police captain, highway patrol: "The automobile is too fast for the person, the driver of today. . . . It is a weapon of destruction."

Supervisor of safety education: "We also recommend that automobile manufacturers place less emphasis on the higher-speed potentials and devote more emphasis to safety features."

Director, department of highways: "I am of the belief that the automobile industry could broaden its views and assume a greater share of the responsibility for driver and passenger safety. The power of sales promotion and advertising of the automobile industry might well be put to use in promoting safety on the highways. . . . With this change in attitude the industry might well consider real honest-to-goodness efforts toward designing safer automobiles. . . . [It] can do much more than it has."

Chairman, governor's traffic safety committee: "The manufacturer's defense is that it is reserve speed for emergencies. What emergencies? On today's graded highways, emergencies calling for such extreme power are so few they hardly justify the building of potential suicide and murder into every man's every-day vehicle. . . . Why design bumpers with bullet-like protrusions front and rear—veritable ramrods? . . . Why use so much chrome so placed on dash and hood as to blind the driver when the sun is at certain angles?"

Ex-chairman, judicial section, National Safety Council: "Automobile manufacturers must assume their proper share of responsibility for the attractive and destructive equipment they are willing to place into the hands of anyone who has a down-payment and knows how to make an X. . . . Perhaps Congress ought to modify the existing excise-tax laws so that we tax motor vehicles on the basis of their rated, developed or advertised horse-power, whichever is the greater." He put into the record two automobile advertisements: "See this beautiful package of dynamite. . . . Meet the new boss. . . . High-stepping strato-streak power-plant. . . . The blazing action of 227 horses is yours in a flash. Right here is the team that puts you in a performance class all by yourself. You're driving the one that's clocked from zero to sixty in ten seconds flat." "What kind of a fool," the witness asked, "would want to drive an automobile on our public highways at 147 miles per hour, or accelerate from zero to sixty miles per hour in ten seconds flat? These advertisements are designed to appeal to the highway idiot."

County coroner: "The manufacturers have claimed that a lot of safety features have been installed . . . beginning in 1952 and 1953. The study did not reveal any difference [in injuries to occupants] in the accidents to the automobiles of the vintage of 1940-49 and the vintage of 1952 and 1953 . . . I believe that the automobile manufacturer must assume some responsibility. . . ."

Chairman, legislative study commission on traffic safety: "Our commission made a trip to Detroit to study this problem. We returned convinced that the industry was giving only lip service to traffic safety while continuing to build more and more horsepower and speed in its products. . . . The industry is still putting sharp pointed spears on the front of vehicles and calling them radiator ornaments. . . . We legislate for the health, welfare and safety of our people. May it not be necessary to begin to legislate to get safer cars on our roads? . . . The President's White House Conference has been very helpful but even last year they took the word 'Action' out of that so they wouldn't offend anybody. This is not a business you can be in and not offend anybody." The witness cited a twelve-year-old boy in Fort Wayne who had been impaled on one of the aforementioned spears, which in the new cars vary between two and five inches of working blade. The longer bayonets are on Chevrolet, Buick, Ford, Packard—all at the height of a pedestrian's heart, though such marksmanship is well beyond the average driver.

The unkindest cut to Detroit was a Chicago lawyer's brief in the Chicago Bar Record that all victims of the automobile should sue the manufacturer under the rule of manufacturer's liability according to the Restatement of the Law of Torts.

THE DAY seems near when Detroit will have to bow before this gathering storm. Make no mistake, it is a real storm. The probability that Detroit has already planned it that way was hinted at by the peculiar indifference of the new cars' designers to criticism of the 1957 cars (*The Nation*, Dec. 22, 1956).

There was a culprit, other than the industry, uncovered by the investigation. The driver, of course. Evidence was given of a man whose wife had to read the signs to him, of another filling out his accident card with the aid of a large magnifying glass, of others with one eye and truck drivers with one leg who used an iron bar to work the clutch pedal. All had licenses and, if they are alive, probably still have them.

The Congressmen were evidently loath to interfere with state and local government in regulating license examinations, periodic re-examinations, traffic rules and signals, etc., etc., so that such evidence was as useful as a horror movie.

A conclusion of the testimony was that no one generalization or no one solution will cover all the drivers and situations everywhere. In urban areas, where the killed are chiefly pedestrians, the driver's only sins may be impatience and irritability. In rural areas, where the killed are overwhelmingly the drivers and passengers, the driver is essentially an unintentional suicide.

The situations in Ohio and Indiana were gone into thoroughly.

Ohio seems to have concentrated on publicity, education, school driving courses and a driver file-card system. The legislature has refused to pass several highway safety bills. December is the deadliest month. Two-thirds of the deaths occur in rural areas. In the whole state, alcohol was a factor in 19.4 per cent of the

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deaths. Montgomery County (Dayton) in six months of 1956 had thirty-seven deaths caused by twenty-eight drivers. Of the twenty-eight, 57 per cent were in the sixteen-twenty-five age group and of these about 90 per cent of those examined showed 0.15 per cent alcohol in the blood or more, indicating either six ounces of whiskey or six small bottles of beer. Two-thirds of the killers had had prior arrests. Here youthful drinking was the primary cause of fatal accidents.

INDIANA, on the other hand, seemed to have successfully got those boys out of the driver's seat. It suspends about 40,000 licenses a year. The superintendent of state police said: "You can ask people on the street and they will say it is the drunken driver operating after midnight who is contributing to all of our trouble in the fatal accident picture. This is not so." He meant it was not so just then in Indiana. The Indiana drunks are so scared that, instead of December, October is the deadliest month, presumably on the way home from football games. A safety expert said sensibly: "We can have about as much traffic safety as we the people are willing to pay for in cash and in restricted privileges and mobility."

One Congressman who had been generally quiet perked up at the alcoholic evidence and contributed that he had read, or heard, that four tablespoonfuls of honey would sober up a drunk: was this true? The state police laboratory lieutenant assured him it was true in some cases because the honey sugar (fructose) accelerates the burning of the alcohol sugar. Black coffee, it was added, does not reduce alcohol blood content at all; it only offsets alcohol's depressive effect. The Congressman leaned back, satisfied. Perhaps we will get a bill compelling bars to add honey to all drinks.

Some witnesses tried to warm up the old story that the great killers are the railroads, but quickly sawed themselves off that feeble limb. A director of highway safety grew a little poetic. "The thing that is hardest to see in all the world, I think, is a freight train crossing a rural highway on a slightly rainy evening . . . If the track happens to be elevated a little bit the lights of the approaching traffic will shine under, and they are broken because the wheels roll past."

The fourth possible culprit was frequently given as government, but the Congressmen kept pointing out the democratic hazards of saving people against their will. About 30,000 drivers and passengers are killed a year: the reckless, incompetent or unlucky drivers may not have to rest on the conscience of the state. They are largely the masters of their fate, playing a very large and relatively safe game of Russian roulette. Statistically, one can ride 400,000 vehicle miles before one has to be injured; one can spin the revolver barrel over five million more miles before one must be totally and permanently disabled, and then one has a chance through nine million more miles before one must be killed. However, any of these can happen the next time out, too. Remember, it's Russian roulette.

The pedestrian, however, did not agree to play any game and ought to lie on government's conscience. Though only about 10,000 of him are killed a year, these are second-degree murders. On a main artery where drivers make a left turn to get on a bridge approach, I have seen an elderly lady bringing a child home from school intimidated by the cars for ten minutes until she was hysterical. Dozens of times I have seen cars whirl around a corner (to get out of the way of the following traffic) so that some pedestrian saved his own life only by mysterious intuition (crossing with the light at the intersection). The pedestrian does not get six million miles of chances in an exciting game; his murderer comes looking for him. Pedestrian deaths have declined, but this is because people's reflexes are getting better in situations where theoretically they are absolutely safe.

The best drivers takes care of their passengers, but what is their record as against pedestrians? An indication would be given by the safety records of taxi drivers. Such statistics (broken down by type of vehicle) are hard to come by, but the New York City Police Department did a fifteen-month survey from August, 1954, through October, 1955, a period in which New York cabs, going 752 million vehicle-miles, killed thirty pedestrians and injured 1,795. The United States rate of killed per hundred million vehicle-miles is 6.4 fatalities, of whom 1.6 are pedestrians. The New York cabbies killed not 1.6 but four pedestrians per hundred million miles. This, though not good, is not as bad as it sounds, for most pedestrian deaths are in urban areas, such as that covered by the survey. My observation, however, is that cab drivers are far too proud of their genius at short bursts of speed, especially around corners. I have been in three cars that hit pedestrians. All three were taxis, at night.

Though the driver will be a pedestrian again an hour later, I think some of his subconscious impatience with pedestrians derives from the fact that he has spent up to $5,000 for his form of locomotion while the pedestrian gets around on an investment in a ten-dollar pair of shoes.

AND SO, of course, we have a fifth theory as to the guilty party on the highways. A Los Angeles judge named Pfaff wrote in *This Week* for February 24, 1957, "What we need to inaugurate is a 'get tough' campaign directed at the careless, *discourteous and law-breaking* pedestrian. . . . A pedestrian who crosses an intersection against the red light should be treated the same as a motorist who drives through it." Drivers who are convinced by Pfaff's peculiar legal concepts ought to be able to deposit 20,000 pedestrian corpses on Pfaff's front lawn this year. This odd judge not only overlooks the relative weights and speeds of pedestrian versus car, but seems ignorant of the pedestrian's sovereign right as owner of the highway versus the merely licensed and controlled right of the driver to be there at all. Pfaff is probably more dangerous as a driver than as a judge. Keep him, Los Angeles, but take away his driver's license.

This sort of murderous frivolity

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(always expressed as virile efficiency) underlay some engineering testimony at the hearings, but not the enforcement testimony, as the quotes given above show. We are all pedestrians, except for the babies, the bed-ridden and wheel-chair cases. In medieval times, the armored knights at full gallop had every legal, as well as impact, advantage over the serf on foot. I had thought those days were gone, but they seem to have returned to Los Angeles.

The kind of thought that was not aired at the hearings, but is central to them, was the fact that it is economically absurd for an American citizen to spend a third of his income on his car and use up the equivalent of a barrel of petroleum every week in order to commute twenty miles to his job. One train can carry a thousand of them to work. This fact is currently invisible to the American public, and will remain invisible until the very day it becomes plainly and horribly visible. The automobile as now used is an extravagance that no ecology can afford; nor can this one. Some future day may well see 120 million cars on the American roads, and the oil reserves down to one year's consumption. The day after will see perhaps thirty million motor cars, mostly trucks and buses.

On that day, with car owners a voting minority, Congress will doubtless get very serious about highway safety. For the present any bill that comes out of the hopper will be a model of tact toward the driver and the industry.

THE VULNERABLE STRANGER . . *by Dan Wakefield*

A NEW AND little-publicized phenomenon of union-management cooperation is taking place today in New York City. In impressive numbers, union leaders and employers have joined together in a common cause: exploitation of the Puerto Rican workers.

There are 550,000 citizens of Puerto Rican birth or parentage living in New York City, and an estimated 150,000 of them are members of unions. The policy of a number of unions toward these members ranges from planned exploitation, often in cooperation with employers, to an unorganized neglect that leaves the workers in almost as poor conditions as those who are victimized by the racketeers. The fact that many of the Puerto Ricans cannot speak English makes it easier for the racketeers to exploit them and the merely indifferent unions to neglect them. There are drastically few individuals or agencies willing or able to help them.

LAST FALL a group of Puerto Rican workers brought the following letter to the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, a private organization which has offered its services to help the Puerto Ricans. The workers asked that the complaints reach the appropriate labor authorities. The unaltered text reads:

New York City, October 29, 1956
American Federation of Labor:

Dear Sir;

We, the employes of the Starke Design Co. are writting this letter to call your attention about this problem. We belong to local union No. 122, I.J.W.U. and we are not in according with the agreement of this union.

We have to pay $3 monthly dues and we don't know the benefits we derive from this.

We want somebody come to investigate this. If not come in this week.

Thanks for the attention to this letter.

Employes of Starke Design Co.

The letter was signed by forty-nine Puerto Rican workers. Within a month, all of them were fired.

This is but one of a staggering number of complaints and tragedies of Puerto Rican workers in New York City that have poured into the office of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. Since October 1, the ACTU has processed nineteen legal actions involving eighteen unions, approximately 2,500 Puerto Rican workers and 100 individual cases, all without charge. The ACTU has no paid employe, and all of its lawyers worked without fees.

The first case aided by ACTU was in many ways typical of what was to come. In March of 1955, Local 1648, Retail Clerks International Association, AFL-CIO, signed a "backdoor" contract—that is, without the knowledge of the workers involved—with Morgan's Leather Goods and Rudee's Leather Goods of New York City. The workers first learned that they had been "unionized" in April of 1955 when the employers at Morgan's and Rudee's called them in to give them the choice of joining the union picked by the employer or losing their jobs. Under this pressure, the workers signed membership cards and had $4 a month taken out of their pay each month for dues. The average weekly pay of the workers was $42. (The president of Local 1648, David Lustigman, was indicted last June for extortion in a scheme between employers and labor leaders to monopolize the $10,000,000 a year pickle and condiment industry, and is now on trial.)

Two workers who asked the union to let them see the contract were fired by their boss. Last August, the workers in the Morgan and Rudee shops formed their own union, the Workers Organizing Committee, and petitioned the National Labor Relations Board for an election on October 2. The employers and the union leaders held a meeting of the workers and told them they would have to pay dues to Local 1648 or be fired. The workers began to picket the shop on October 3 and the employers brought suit to enjoin the pickets. Lawyers provided by the ACTU represented the workers be-

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fore the New York State Supreme Court and the employer's suit was dismissed. The strike was broken, however, when employees of the New York City Welfare Department took new workers through the picket lines.

This story was publicized in *El Diario,* New York City's largest Spanish-language daily newspaper, and from then on the cases began flooding in to the offices of ACTU. The ACTU reports that the majority of the complaints have these things in common: the contracts are never seen by the workers; the pay averages $40 to $42 a week with a general high of $45; no union meetings are held; no union elections are held; no grievances are processed by the union; lay-offs usually come to workers just before they are due vacation or holiday periods with pay; there is seldom any seniority; there are seldom any welfare or sickness benefits; the workers are signed up in the union under threat of firing by the boss. For these "benefits," the members pay dues of $3-$4 (which are average for unions that, unlike these, provide the highest pay and benefits in the country) and initiation fees ranging from $3-$35 (the top ranges are much *higher* than those unions providing the highest pay and benefits in the country).

THE PRACTICE of employers and unions working together for these conditions has become such an institution that it has developed its own terminology. A Spanish-speaking organizer who has worked for several unions in New York explained two of the most important concepts of the trade—the "black and white contract" and the "milk date." A "black and white contract" is one which provides no clauses for wages above the legal minimum wage, no provisions for sick pay, no provisions for rest periods, no provisions for seniority and, in general, the minimum benefits that the employer can give the worker. The "milk date" is the day the contract runs out and the union leader returns to the boss to extract (milk) a fee from him for the continuance of the contract, which protects the boss against the possibility of demands from the workers.

Last December 17, Thomas Rizzo, one of the lawyers handling the ACTU cases, called the Ray Mont Company of 85 Crosby Street, New York, to inform them that the Workers Organizing Committee was going to ask for an election for union representation, which was then held by Local 122 of the International Jewelry Workers Union. Harry Harrison, the manager of the company, told Mr. Rizzo that the shop had a contract which was "about to expire." At an NLRB hearing on January 8, however, Mr. Rizzo was told by the company and the union that a new contract had already been signed on October 26, 1956. Marwin Goldman, business agent for Local 122, testified that he and Pat DiPeppo, the recording secretary of the local, and Maurice Deiter, owner of Ray Mont, were the ones who signed the contract and were the only people present at the signing.

Mr. Deiter explained that he had just taken over the business in September of 1956, and was told then that there was a union contract. Mr. Rizzo asked Mr. Deiter why, since there was a contract in existence, and since it had until 1957 to run, he had found it necessary to sign a new contract. Mr. Deiter said, "I wanted protection for myself."

Ramon Marrero of 207 Eldridge Street, New York City, was one of the workers who was treated to the "benefits" of this contract. Marrero had dues of $3 deducted from his paycheck on the first Friday of every month for membership in Local 122. For some reason unknown to Marrero, the dues were not deducted from his or his fellow workers' paychecks last January and February. Then, Marrero said, dues of $3 were again deducted from his pay on February 22 and March 1, without explanation. Marrero said that his foreman, Harry Harrison, "called myself and four of my fellow workers into the office and told us that the production standard was to be raised from its present level of slightly over 200 cases per day to 275, 285 or 290 cases. He further said that unless these new production standards were met, we would be laid off. Under normal circumstances, it is impossible to meet the new production standards."

Marrero said that from February 22 to March 1 he repeatedly asked both the union and the company for a copy of the contract. He said that "The company informed me that the contract was an agreement between the company and the union and that I, as a worker, could not see it. The union informed me that they did not have a copy of the contract."

THE CONTRACT between Local 122 and Ray Mont, when finally "found," had the following articles completely or partly X'd out:

Article 23—"The employes shall be entitled to . . . days sick leave per year with pay. If at the end of the year any employe has not used up the sick leave privileges then he or she shall be compensated in wages for the unused portion of sick leave at a rate equal to the rate of pay being received by him at that time."

Article 24—"Each worker is to have a rest period of .. minutes in the morning and .. minutes in the afternoon."

Article 6—A wild flight of fancy stating that the employer supply and launder work uniforms.

Article 8—The vacation provisions had all parts X'd out except provision for a week's vacation with pay for workers employed one year or more by the company.

Article 9—Six holidays with pay were X'd out and five left in.

The members of Local 122, which provided them with this contract, pay $13 initiation fee plus $3 monthly dues.

The union's lack of concern for the welfare of the workers is impressive. Jose B. Morales of 230 W. 101st Street, has borne testimony to this. He was employed by the Macon Umbrella Corp. of 2 Inghram Street, Brooklyn, for $46 a week, and was a member of Local 229, United Textile Workers of America, AFL-CIO. With complaints by workers that the union did not hold meetings, did not process grievances, that representatives of the union were never seen, that the boss appointed the union shop steward, and that on

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top of all this the union was raising dues from $3-$4 a month, a group of employes in the shop circulated a petition requesting an NLRB election asking for withdrawal of union-shop authority. Jose Morales submitted the petition to the NLRB last November 30.

In a sworn affidavit to the NLRB charging an unfair labor practice against Macon Umbrella Corp., Morales gave the following report:

> That during the afternoon previous to the first informal conference at the National Labor Relations Board regarding the request for such an election, the employer, Mr. Cohen, attempted to discourage any of the employes from attending that conference and promising that anyone who changed his mind about going to said conference a "surprise" the following month. By this statement I inferred that I would receive a raise if I did not go to this conference.

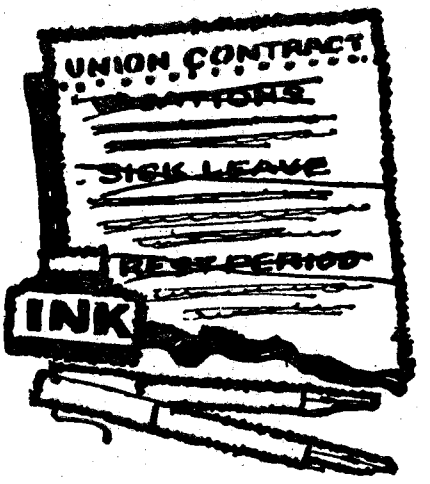
Morales goes on to say that he attended that conference and

> ...That I attended a meeting held on Wednesday, March 6, 1957, at the office of the above-mentioned local union in the union's offices at 325 Fourth Avenue, New York, New York. Present at the meeting, held at about 6 p.m., were Archie Katz, president of the union, one "Waldman" who is a business agent for the union, Mr. Cohen, president of the Macon Umbrella Corp., and Mr. Marshall Miller, Mr. Cohen's representative. Also present were several of my fellow employes, including Emma Vega and Jesusa Portuguis.
>
> That at this meeting both Mr. Miller and Mr. Cohen promised the seven original signers of a petition requesting the National Labor Relations Board to conduct an election regarding the withdrawal of the union shop authority that they would receive a wage increase of $2.00 per week if they withdrew their signatures to this petition.

So goes collective bargaining with Puerto Rican workers.

MARSHALL MILLER, labor-relations advisor who has a plaque in his office of praise from Local 229 for helping them set up a welfare program and being so cooperative over the years, happened to be the company representative at the NLRB hearings for each of the three companies called there who had contracts with Local 229. One of the ACTU lawyers asked Mr. Cohen of Macon Umbrella how he happened to call on Mr. Miller, and Mr. Cohen said he found Mr. Miller's name in the classified phone directory.

At the NLRB hearing on the Macon petition, Mr. Miller charged that Jose Morales had intimidated the employes into signing the petition for election, and that he would be fired for this. The next day Morales was fired when he reported for work. In his sworn affidavit supporting the unfair labor practice charge, Morales denies that he intimidated the workers and states that "I was fired for attempting to exercise my rights under the National Labor Relations Act and help my



fellow employes." The case is pending, and in the meantime Jose Morales waits—without work.

There is the story of Jose Rivera, a $40-a-week worker at the Sun Ray Electroplating Company, who was talking to a union representative about joining while the boss was deciding on a different union for the shop—one that his boss said was "good" because "I won't get into trouble with this union. They won't picket me." The next week Rivera joined the boss's choice of unions—Local 679 of the A. F. of L. Pulp, Paper, and Sulphite Workers. He got a promised $2 raise; and $3 union dues were deducted from his pay monthly.

There is the story of Rapahel Duran, a worker at the Lenscraft Optical Company, Brooklyn, who swore in an affidavit that his boss called in representatives of Local 122 of the IJWU and signed a contract with them which set the wage at the legal minimum of 75c an hour and eliminated the sections providing two weeks' vacation with pay, seniority and health and welfare benefits. The Puerto Ricans struck, called in Local 810 of the Teamsters, who would not lower their contract demands to match those of the former contract, and the Lenscraft Company and IJWU Local 122 went to court together and enjoined the strike. They were able to do so because Local 122 was officially the legal "representative of the workers."

THE International Ladies Garment Workers Union undoubtedly must be classed among those unions which have the best record for helping to get fair treatment for Puerto Rican workers; but there is little doubt that the ILGWU leaves plenty of room for improvement. There can be no instances here of bad individual contracts with largely Puerto Rican shops, since the ILGWU contract is negotiated on an industry-wide basis. The union provides a booklet in Spanish and English stating health and welfare benefits that workers are entitled to, although, according to Charles Zimmerman, head of Local 22, there are no copies of the contract in Spanish. He said, however, that the contract is always explained to the workers.

Mr. Zimmerman's local holds monthly meetings in Spanish, as well as the regular meeting held in English, in order to clear up any problems or questions that Spanish-speaking members may have. Local 22 also holds English classes, but Mr. Zimmerman said that it is difficult to get Puerto Ricans to attend, especially since most of the members are women who must get home right after work to prepare meals and take care of household duties. The local, in cooperation with the New York Public Schools, is holding classes to train members for skilled jobs, and Mr. Zimmerman says that "a substantial number" of people in these classes are Puerto Ricans.

Yet such incidents as the following can occur within the ILGWU.

(*Continued on page 321*)

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THE CAREFUL YOUNG MEN T.

With these three pages of reader reaction to The Careful Young Men, a symposium on the American undergraduate published in the March 9 issue, we are forced by space limitations to close the debate—at least temporarily—on one of the most provocative features The Nation *has published in many years. We say "temporarily" because, out of the voluminous correspondence we have received (see also the Letters columns, issues of March 23 and 30), there emerges a valuable suggestion for continuing the discussion on another level.*

Many correspondents have questioned the validity of The Careful Young Men as a representative symposium because its contributors were limited to teachers of English; science teachers, it is pointed out, may have quite a different impression of today's students. We are, therefore, now surveying the possibility for a second symposium in which the contributors will be drawn from among experienced teachers in the physical and social sciences.—EDITORS

Embers of Faith

Dear Sirs: Your analysis of tomorrow's leaders by today's teachers was a rare exposé of the vices of a generation of teachers; *their* anguish over our reserve, the reserve of the "careful young men," is not paternal but carping. They want to revive in their classrooms the embers of faith they helped to destroy and scent the old perfumes that poisoned them. As a member of a reluctant but enlightened generation, as an undergraduate without a cause, I protest.

To say that we careful young men have no god is false. To say that we do not carry on the campus rituals of the idolatrous decades is true. We are so intimate with our god that worship is unthinkable, so much in communion with reality we do not trifle to play at heaven. The reality is this, that a faceless corporate fate is waiting for all of us, regardless of what intellectual opiate we keep in the cabinet—reams and reams of paper sex, comfortable visions of wastelands, or Faulkner's ringing note that man will prevail. Destiny is at our right hand, you see. The cities of God have already been built and are ready to cancel one another out. Destruction is too imminent in the mortar of our security for us to do anything but what St. Francis would do if he knew the world would end today. We go on hoeing our garden. We are sweetly innocent, as we should be at the crushing moment. There is no use not to enjoy the grip of dying leviathan.

It is still possible, of course, to feel nostalgia for our fathers' past and to report that so much that our fathers revered too much is set for the fall: not only old-hat socialism, the temples of Freud, and galvanized Christianity, but also Ph.D.s and scientific priestcraft. Over all these institutions hovers the same bomb and behind them the same trail of errors that initiated our fathers into the Age of Anxiety and spawned us. We shouldn't be blamed therefore for taking slow and skeptical draughts of a civilization that has, every few years, murdered its best men with their drunken dreams still in their heads, and is now taking the same risk. Rather, we should be praised for our pettiness and hymned for our indifference to a phantasm inheritance.

That our teachers, who were radicals in college, are now merely academic *debauchés*, should be a lesson for us. They did not become sages, only intellectuals. We too may become lost among titles and fictions unless we remain the *careful* young men, not smashing the costly idols, political, artistic and religious, that our forebears fashioned out of lust, but not throwing ourselves down before them either. Something there is that says that somewhere there is a cup of wisdom; yet we cannot drink deeply from the hands of a generation of teachers who may unwittingly mistake a vial of death for the fruits of the vine.

NORRIS MERCHANT
Louisville, Kentucky

Solemn But Not Serious

Dear Sirs: I wouldn't presume to criticize what your contributors have said of other colleges, for I know only what takes place here at Princeton. So I will criticize the article of Mr. Baker [Professor Carlos Baker, chairman of the Department of English at Princeton University] and what I believe to be an internal fallacy in the argument of Leo Marx [Associate Professor of English at the University of Minnesota] and your leading editorial.

Mr. Baker says of us: "They are serious, but not solemn." I say we are solemn, but not serious. "Serious" means "not given to trifling": we trifle, our trifling comprises a solemn and continuous affair covered—it is true—with tinsel. But this tinsel is as thin and as sparse as our laughter. The slightest breath blows it away, leaving only the hideously awkward solemnity. In incessant rout from the two extreme poles of life—creation and death—we are in a terrible sense *"via media* men." In every area of life we pretend that living is harmless, and that the cost of living has been cut to nothing. We just won't *pay:* but, more than this, we make believe until we truly believe that the bargain-basement existence we end up with is the best of all possible ways of life.

Deep, real, free laughter springs only from a tragic vision—the laughter of Shakespeare or of Beethoven down the years. Otherwise, we can expect nothing but our present cheap and plastic laughter. This laughter is the laughter from faces which have turned themselves from possibilities—both the nullity and the magnitude, the glory as well as the horror—and only boredom accompanies it. We are rid of the Furies, but where are the Graces?

Only if Mr. Baker's "good sense" is interpreted as the deadening of vast patches of our sensitivity and consciousness, and the toning-down of those that remain into near-somnolence; only if by "balance" Mr. Baker means that balance which comes of hacking down awareness until the world, in our view, attains a perfect—if rather stunted—equilibrium: only then would I agree with him that "they are better off in good sense and balance than my generation was at their age."

Stanley Kunitz [Visiting Professor of English at Queens College, New York City], in his excellent contribution, quotes the following: "'What we all lack who are under thirty is some guiding passion, some *moral vision*'"—that is it, exactly. But your leading editorial and Mr. Marx's article both seem to equate being excited with being opinionated. The editorial says: "To us, they seem prematurely aged, old beyond their years, lacking in gaiety and a sense of life. But, on reflection, would we want them *more* opinionated?" And Mr. Marx: "All told, they are probably better students than the pre-war generations. They are less opinionated, less excitable...." *Better* students? More exact in a mouselike grey way: but anything great comes from a dynamic will subjected to an even greater reason. We sit and listen, as Mr. Marx remarks,

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K BACK: *A Readers' Symposium*

and information sits on us like a princely robe; but we grow no bigger, we do not assimilate wisdom. And, as for the editorial, cannot one be enthusiastic without being foolish? Do commitment and conviction presuppose inexactitude? If we are more critical than the *enfants de 1920-30,* we are so in the worst and popular sense of that word: carping, fault-finding. From some of your articles, one would think we weighed and sifted everything with care. In the twenties, students accepted everything new and threw off all antiquities; today, despite the neoconservatism of a very few, we mostly throw away everything, just to throw it away, just because keeping it means possible criticism. More sheer *interest* and *esprit* would break down many of the more boring follies we have exchanged for the rather splendid intemperance of the twenties. But we must not think our new way of life more sane, less naïve and opinionated just because our minds no longer burn, but only coldly smoulder.

We are just as insane, opinionated, naïve. But in the last tally we are worse, because we're *dull* to boot. And dullness can never be right! Or at least, never forgiven.

KARL HAFFENREFFER
Princeton, N. J.

Faulty Choices

There is not a scientist, mathematician, or philosopher among the group of men whom you selected to sample the opinion of the present generation of college students. Whether English teachers are as competent observers as men trained for careful observation and exact thinking is a moot question, but certainly the students they know best, the men and women who major in English, are not likely to be those with the most inquiring minds. Any educator knows that the brilliant students, with spirit and imagination, will be found in greater numbers in fields that offer more challenge than English or any of the other literatures.

THEODORE B. MASSELL, M.D.
Los Angeles, California

Justice and Order

Dear Sirs: May another professor of English add his judgment of the Careful Young Men and observe that Jonathan Swift remarked that finding fault with human nature is the most universal and the most futile of human pursuits?

Undergraduates of today are not uncommitted. They are committed to (a) justice and (b) order; not to fighting injustice and damning disorder. What could be more human or natural after depression and war?

They read Orwell and Salinger to read about injustice and disorder, and they are forming their judgments. They believe in action within the realm of the possible rather than romantic rebellion. Every generation has a wisdom proper to itself. Where are the undergraduate rebels of yesteryear? Presumably criticizing their juniors, as formerly they did their seniors.

These boys had better have justice and order, or they will, in their own time, act to seize it themselves, as university men have done in Hungary and Cuba.

I am selling them long.

DONALD R. ROBERTS
Associate Professor of English,
Norwich University
Northfield, Vermont

Science Claims the Best

Dear Sirs: Modern youth may possibly be the most callous generation in history. Basically the younger generation has said: "We'll let the older generation dribble on and holler all it likes. It can give all the meaningless, flowering Lincolnesque speeches it desires. It looks as if it is up to us to do the work. Besides, there is more fun in action than in words." The result is that modern youth will listen to what the older generation has to say, evaluate it, take what seems to be useful; but basically the youngsters have Crossed The Older Generation Off As Hopeless. The reason is that the world has revolved so completely under the feet of the older generation that it still might be called the Lost Generation.

This is the seientific age. The best students go into the sciences—chiefly into mathematics and physics, a few into economics and the rest into medicine and the other sciences. If the English professor is disgusted because modern youth finds Shakespeare too tough for leisure-time reading, modern youth is disgusted at the look of absolute horror that comes over the English professor's face at the sight of an integral sign. No, our heroes are not the men of sugared writings and meaningless rantings, but men whose words mean something: Paul Samuelson, V. M. Goldschmidt, de Broglie.

Our heroes are not in the entertainment fields of philosophy and fiction, but in the laymen's publications like *Time, Harpers,* the *Wall Street Journal, Newsweek* and *Scientific American.* We are committed to the Age of Science, which is not a shouting and hollering age, but a patiently and quietly working age, an even more critical age than you realize, and, yes, an age of fear, as much for you as for us.

BRUCE R. DOE
California Institute of Technology
Pasadena, California

The Fortunate Generation

Dear Sirs: The symposium appealed to me particularly because I am a college graduate of less than a week from the University of Tennessee. "Indifference" is unquestionably one of the salient features of contemporary college undergraduates. Among the intellectually active students whom it has been my pleasure to know, there is a definite disdain for any type of general movement or special plea or clever shibboleth, be it political, economic, religious or otherwise.

It is very fortunate that such a disposition exists among America's potential leaders. Perhaps they will be less susceptible to the fustian contagions which, in the two preceding generations, have hoisted megalomaniacs like one Adolf Hitler to power, or which have induced the morbid, adolescent disillusionment of the so-called "lost generation"—including The T. S. Eliot School for Retarded Intellectuals—or which have engendered the myopic prodigality of pouring staggering amounts of financial aid into the European drains, and receiving in return a polite contempt for the giver's fatuity.

Today's undergraduates who are intellectually active scorn "schools," philosophical and literary, because they have intelligence enough to perceive the fallibility of each; they ignore revolutionary causes because the inherent impracticalities of most such movements have been demonstrated historically time and again; and they give lip service—if that much—to institutionalized religion because the churches, for the most part, reek with patent hypocrisy. Regard for

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the traditionally proven no more indicates meek conformity than violent enthusiasm for change promises progress.

FREDERICK EDWARDS

Knoxville, Tenn.

A Lesson Well Learned

Dear Sirs: As a student, I found the symposium remarkable not for what it told me about my contemporaries, but for what it told me about the authors—the teachers of my generation, the intellectual leaders who bemoan their students' "lack of enthusiasm," "fear of commitment" and "quest for security." You teachers unanimously refuse to take the responsibility for the "Brain-Washed Generation" upon yourselves and the institutions in which you teach.

As Mr. George Stewart points out, the student body "takes what its professors tell it"; perhaps we have learned our lesson too well. During the period of your own early education—or so I learn from the autobiographies of your generation—fathers, teachers and leaders told you that the greatest painting had not yet been painted, the greatest literary work not yet written, the greatest thought not yet expressed; they added that these things could be done—perhaps by you, yourselves. Certainly they encouraged you to try. The enthusiasm that must have been generated from the lecture platforms, in the conference rooms and professors' private offices in those days seems incredible to my generation. Today's teachers tell us not only that the greatest poem hasn't been written, but that it can't be written—and certainly not by us. We are taught that nothing a student does is creative or significant—that nothing we can do can possibly be new. Perhaps this is true, but I at least am concerned by your evident and pathetic need to reiterate this "truth" to us so unceasingly.

With T. S. Eliot, you tell us "to sit still" and wait for "the peace that passeth understanding"; with William Faulkner, you ask us "to believe" but give us nothing in which to place our faith—not even life itself; with the scientists, you tell us that unless something is done to prevent war we face a final cataclysm, and yet you do nothing. You have lost faith in us because you have lost faith in yourselves. More important, you have lost faith in the affirmation of democratic, liberal ideals (how few professors stroll outside the ivory tower or even fight battles—the loyalty oath in California—within it!).

I think Mr. George Stewart typifies your generation when he wrote, "There is, of course, a third possibility." You teachers are the generation of the "third possibility"—the generation of qualification (reading your contributions to the symposium, I find your favorite phrases are: "there's a sense in which," "it seems to me," "it may be the case," "I would suggest," and "possibly'). You are the generation of acquiescence, as demonstrated when, after you sum up our lack of enthusiasm and our desire "to keep our mouths shut," most of you say, "Perhaps it's all for the best." Or, with Mr. Wallace Stegner, you suggest: "And if I am inclined, as I sometimes am, to disparage this attitude as dull, faint-hearted and unproductive, I am reminded that it is . . . one way to play the game." Thus, it doesn't really matter; we are no better or worse than anyone else!

But, perhaps, as you say, you haven't had any influence over us; yet, if this is the case, isn't it an equally strong indictment of your leadership?

CHRISTOPHER KOCH
Reed College

Portland, Oregon

Rebels with a Cause

Dear Sirs: The following developments at the University of Colorado may throw some light on the validity of the thesis inherent in the title of your symposium, *The Careful Young Men.*

A recent series of editorials in the student newspaper, the Colorado *Daily*, charged that C.U. students were as "intellectually sterile as a Band-Aid." The editorials blamed the "stifling cultural climate" on the influx of thousands of pimply youths who view college as a four-year whirl of social events and Saturday football games. To these students, a college degree is a "union card, guaranteeing the bearer higher pay in the world of business." The editorials also placed part of the blame on the Red hunt which raged through the Colorado campus in the last decade. Students and faculty were extremely cautious in discussing intellectual issues and averse to express political views, the editorials said. The paper noted the problems Colorado faces are shared by most other state universities.

As a result of the editorials, the C.U. Faculty Senate requested that the new president, Quigg Newton, take all necessary steps to improve the intellectual level of the university. Students reacted, too. Two thousand of them signed a petition demanding the Board of Regents to institute a lecture series which would feature some of the outstanding intellects of the country. If the regents would not have enough money available (because of plans to raise the average faculty salary level $1,000 a year to $6,500), *the students said they would foot the bill themselves with increased fees.*

Student Harvey Averch, economics major who describes himself as a "rebel with a cause," lashed out at the students, the faculty and the administration as the three "institutions of stagnation at the university."

"We are the Silent Generation," Averch said. "But this aphorism is not enough for identification. For there is the Silence of Wisdom and the Silence of Sterility. It is with regret I am forced to say the Silence of Sterility permeates and envelops the university environment."

SOL BIDERMAN

Boulder, Colo.

Not His the Power

Dear Sirs: I took particular interest in the symposium because I am one of the "careful young men." The contemporary college student with intellectual interests is more sophisticated, more skeptical, less articulate and is more conscious of the past than his predecessors of the twenties and thirties. His caution, open-mindedness and moral concern make him a better, if less exciting, student. He is rebelling against what he feels to be the misguided and excessive enthusiasms of his parents. He knows that history is filled with passionate controversies, that controversy is a sign of intellectual vigor; but he is equally aware that some of the greatest furors have been aroused over matters of little lasting import. Controversy in itself is not valuable. The invective of Mencken, for example, seems dated and inconsequential after only thirty years.

The contemporary student does not become deeply involved with social problems because he takes a pessimistic view of the influence of intellectuals. He feels powerless to affect social decisions. These decisions are made by others who are not only non-intellectual, but, in many instances, anti-. (Stevenson was forced to acknowledge that in order for an intellectual to have a chance, politically, he must mask his real nature.) Convinced that his social criticisms will go unheeded, he prefers to cultivate his private world, converse with a few like-minded persons, and, more indirectly, with the intellectual world as a whole.

PAUL GILCHRIST

San Francisco, California

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(*Continued from page 317*)

In February, forty-two Puerto Rican women workers at Q-T Knitwear, Brooklyn, got together and typed a list of complaints about conditions in the shop which they felt Local 62 of the ILGWU had failed to deal with properly. Three of the signers have sworn to the following facts. The chairlady of the shop, who did not speak Spanish, had refused to process the complaints. The union delegate, Mac Shatnoff, after some delay, "angrily" promised the meeting for February 28. The girls who signed the petition rented a bus with their own money to attend. The bus was to leave at five o'clock, but at one o'clock the shop employer forced one half of the girls to leave the premises. Most workers under these circumstances would have gone home and not bothered about an evening meeting. However, those girls waited outside until the rest were off work at five o'clock, and they took the bus together.

At the meeting a list of complaints was presented to Mr. Shatnoff, including complaints such as "In the ladies rooms the tanks do not flush, they are broken, the water remains there indefinitely. There is never any paper towels. The ladies room should be swept and cleaned occasionally . . . What right has the chairlady to threaten . . . and use vulgar and profane language to the workers? What right has the chairlady to make discriminatory remarks about the Spanish speaking workers? Calling them Spics." When Mr. Shatnoff was presented with these and other grievances, according to three of the girls there present,

> . . . He immediately began to berate us, stating that they (the grievances) were "illegal" and that he would not in any way consider them. He then demanded to know who had typed these grievances.

The girl who had typed them identified herself, and then, she said, Mr. Shatnoff "began to insult me and attempt to intimidate me for daring to present such 'illegal papers' to him." The girl is now no longer working at the shop, and at this writing, the union was still undecided as to whether it would try to get her reinstated. The union delegate had said she was "a troublemaker."

Neglect as well as exploitation of Puerto Ricans by unions can only lead to future loss for the unions themselves. The Puerto Rican migration to New York City is expected to continue at around 50,000 per year for at least the next five years, and a New York City Puerto Rican population of close to a million has been estimated for the early 1960s. Norman DeWeaver, executive secretary of ACTU, says that in the light of his organization's recent experiences, "Soon, Puerto Rican workers in New York will grow to totally distrust the American labor movement. In fact, some observers feel that it is already too late to do anything to regain the confidence of these workers."

JOSE PEREZ, director of the AFL-CIO Advisory Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs, said he believed that "There is no systematic discrimination in any union in New York City, including the racketeering unions—which don't care whether the men are Puerto Rican or not; they would make slaves of whoever the workers were." But because of language and cultural barriers, the Puerto Ricans are the easiest prey. Even in the worst unions, English-speaking workers are able to get "more for their money," and sometimes at the expense of their Puerto Rican fellow workers. A group of workers from the Gund Manufacturing Co., 40 W. 20th Street, who are members of Local 223 of the Toy and Novelty Workers of America, reported to the ACTU that although half of the 300 workers in the shop are Spanish-speaking, the shop steward, who has had the job for fifteen years, does not speak Spanish; that when there are lay-offs, the Spanish-speaking men usually get laid off first with no regard to seniority; that although non-Spanish speaking workers in the shop make from $50-$55 a week, there is among the Spanish-speaking workers a man who has worked there nine years and gets $49, a man who has worked there seven years and gets $47.

If the Puerto Ricans in New York have lost confidence in unions and employers, they also have reason for losing confidence in other institutions. They have often looked for help and found only pamphlets.

The only special instrument of assistance from the U.S. government in guarding the rights of the Puerto Rican laborer on the mainland was abolished three years ago. Two Spanish-speaking minimum-wage investigators who recovered more than $200,000 in wages for Puerto Rican workers in a little over two years, had their jobs eliminated when the Eisenhower Administration executed its cut in the number of "non-vital" federal employes. This economy measure came while 43,434 Puerto Ricans, 91 per cent of whom were volunteers and 3,450 of whom became casualties, were serving in the U.S. Army during the Korean war.

The only official recognition of the special problems of the Puerto Rican laborer by the city of New York was the Mayor's Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs, formed in 1949 and primarily devoted to publicity for itself and its good intentions. It is now incorporated into a Committee on Intergroup Relationships which has only been in existence about a year and has yet to take any notable action.

Although New York State does not have any special agency for aid to Puerto Rican citizens, a recent newspaper report proclaimed that the New York State Commission Against Discrimination, in addition to its customary work, had handled 155 complaints from Puerto Ricans in the first three-quarters of 1956, whereas the high for any previous year had been twenty complaints in 1955. Charles Abrams, commissioner of the SCAD, was quoted as saying that "a large number of the complaints were unfair labor practice charges." When recently asked about the quoted number of cases, Mr. Abrams explained that there were a total of 155 workers involved in all the cases handled. The number of cases handled was six.

The Migration Division of the

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Department of Labor of Puerto Rico, headed by Clarence Senior, has had an office in New York City since 1948, and does the major job in assisting the Puerto Rican migrant to find employment, housing and adjustment on the mainland. But it is not equipped to handle complaints against unions, and as these complaints kept increasing, it asked the unions in New York City to take some responsibility in handling such problems themselves. The result of this request was the AFL-CIO Labor Advisory Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs, formed in 1955. It has one full-time staff member and is supported by $5-$15 monthly contributions from its sixty member locals. It is "limited" in its work.

Jose Perez, the committee's director, says that most of the committee's complaints are due to misunderstanding between the workers and the bosses or the workers and the union delegates, and that most of the complaints can be handled by a phone call. When asked what happens to complaints that are not due to misunderstandings, but to unions being at fault, Mr. Perez said it would be necessary to call a meeting of the executive board to deal with such cases. When asked how many times it had been necessary to call such a meeting, Mr. Perez said "never."

"When the complaints are about dishonest unions there is nothing that I or anybody could do about it because labor hasn't cleaned up yet. Being a labor representative myself, I couldn't take action of any kind," Mr. Perez said.

The committee holds an annual conference, at which time it passes resolutions. At its last annual conference, the committee passed resolutions "On the Hungarian Situation," "On a Citation to Governor Munoz Marin of Puerto Rico," "On Civil Rights," "On Mayor Wagner's Acceptance of Spanish Citation" and "On Discrimination in Housing and Schools." It also passed a resolution noting that "It has been the sad history of every generation of immigrants to be exploited by unscrupulous employers and by so-called 'unions' which are in reality nothing but rackets which hang on the fringe of the labor movement in order to exploit the new immigrants," and it called upon the Ethical Practices Committee of the AFL-CIO "to come into New York City to help us once and for all get rid of the so-called 'unions' which are blackening the name of the trade union movement." At the time of this writing, Mr. Perez said he had as yet had no reply on the matter from the Ethical Practices Committee, but explained that "those things take a long time."

So the Puerto Ricans work, and wait. Contrary to popular mythology, the New York Department of Welfare has reported that Puerto Rican workers are quicker to leave the welfare lists than any other "national" category of workers. They have come here to work—our industry needs them. They come as American citizens, but because of language and cultural background, they come as strangers. You have just read something about the welcome they get.

PROGRESS: Promise and Problems . . *by Kenneth Burke*

AS OUR TEXT for today, let's begin by recalling that ingenious French film, *Generals Without Buttons*. The situation there exploited for comic effect concerns two adjoining towns that want different kinds of weather, and petition their saints accordingly. One town wants dry weather, for grapes; the other wet weather, for cabbages. And this conflict of material interests, involving rival processions each designed to enlist the special favors of Heaven at the expense of the other faction, leads to picturesque quarrels even in the midst of attempts to make peace.

Despite these positive grounds of conflict, we might say that, in the last analysis, the decision here still lies beyond the realm of human jurisdiction. The primary responsibility still depends upon "acts of God" in accordance with the hallowed principle, "Man proposes, God disposes."

But to expose a further problem here, let us suppose that men do perfect their ability to control the weather by sheerly "scientific" or material means. From then on, obviously, God will let them make over some of His traditionally heavy work in this area of motions and motives. From then on, the subject of each day's weather will not be merely a matter of prognostication and/or prayer. It will also become decidedly a Controversial Issue, with squabbles that could become quite tough.

For millions and even billions of dollars would become involved in "decisions on weather-policy," since the diverting of precipitation from one area to another would have effects not only upon the crops or reservoirs immediately involved, but also upon property values in general. All told, tremendous sums could change hands; and intestine brawls about the "bureaucratic" allocating of good weather could make the altercations between Communism and Capitalism look pale by comparison.

For very good "positive" reasons, we'd be in a position like that of the superstitious savage who believes that the yams in his garden can flourish only if the yams in his neighbor's garden wither, since there is not enough good fortune available for both gardens (a malicious state of mind which our grand mixture of industrialism and world politics has recently been expanding to "global" proportions).

Already, though the Scientific Co-

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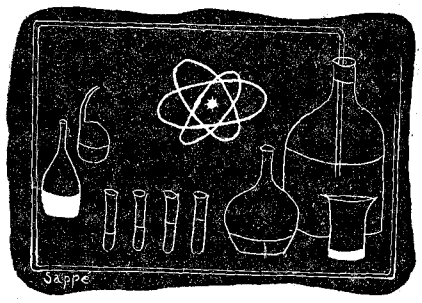
ercing of the Weather (as practiced by skilled Climatogogues) is still in its infancy, newspapers have published many reports of grumbling. Cloud-seeding in some states has been said to rob other states of their rightful share of rainfall, as established by ancient meteorological custom dating from times before weather became subject to control by legal contract. Or, on exactly the opposite side, there have been reports of complaints that cloud-seeding in the Far West shows up several days later as extra rainfall in areas of the East where agricultural investments, established on the basis of previous conditions, call for but light rainfall. And we have often heard speculations about the possibility that the weather is being affected by the various thermo-nuclear experiments now methodically poisoning the world's atmosphere.

ALL SUCH claims are necessarily tentative and inaccurate. But at least they serve to indicate just how gravely Controversial the subject of the weather could become, once a technique for the scientific coercing of the weather is established.

I can even think of ultimate ironies involving exactly opposite theories on the care and cure of weather. Thus, one school of weather-doctors might favor an allopathic treatment of hurricanes, contending that they should be discouraged from the very start. Others might incline towards a homeopathic remedy in accordance with the Hahnemann principle of *similia similibus curentur*, or the equivalent in Milton's view of tragedy as stated in his preface to *Samson Agonistes*:

> Tragedy, as it was anciently composed, hath ever been held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems; therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and suchlike passions—that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so, in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humors.

That is, thinking along such lines, some theorists and practitioners might hold that the systematic frustration of little hurricanes would but outrage Nature to the point where in exasperation she burst the bonds imposed upon her by man-made meteorological policy, and broke into a tempestuous rash that made her present Hazels and Connies seem by comparison like mere chicken-pox. So our best protection against a super-hurricane, according to this school, would be got by inoculating the Caribbean area daily with doses



of tiny hurricanelets—and thus the morbidity would be avoided by booster shots that kept it always with us, but in a non-virulent form.

WE COULD go on and on. For the weather is a perennial subject of conversation. But I want to drive home one particular point, which I think bears directly on the matter of the part that applied science ("technology") can be expected to play in matters affecting human relations.

So far as our present "fable" about weather-control is concerned, the conclusion seems obvious. Insofar as the means and methods of controlling the weather do become a recognized part of our positive scientific powers, then necessarily a corresponding new batch of moralistic controls will be needed. We should need a whole new area of *regulations*, established by *legislation*. Similarly, since any law is powerless unless there are penalties to enforce it and agencies to impose and enforce those penalties, this will mean new areas of crime (crime being made by law, since no act is a crime until it is legally so defined). Also, it will mean a new set of institutions ("bureaucracy") designed to "implement" the methods, with corresponding conflicts as regards jockeying for office, arguments over policies, the honest or corrupt favoring of rival interests, plus the rhetorical agon whereby the advocates of honest policies are made to look corrupt and the crooks are made to look honest.

PLEASE GET me straight. I'm not saying that men should not tinker with the weather, to the best of their ability. Nor am I saying that they should not perfect any other positive power over the resources of nature. I am merely asking that we bring ourselves to recognize explicitly what kinds of *problems* will necessarily accompany all such "progress." Too many people become so dazzled with the promise of the "positives," they unconsciously conspire with one another to overlook the negatives (the corresponding moralistic thou-shalt-not's, with the institutions appropriate to those negatives, and the particular problems that go with those institutions).

There's too much of an easy-going tendency to assume merely that "if we were just scientific enough," all this pother would be eliminated. And I submit that, if we view the "promises" of applied science in that light, we're in for a mighty bump.

In sum, I'd propose that we form our expectancies along these lines:

Every new positive *power* must be a source of *conflict*, the occasion for a new battle over *property rights* (with all the negativity of the "Keep Off—No Trespassing" principle that hedges all property, as divinity doth hedge a king). Every new power must raise new demands upon our moral scruples, plus corresponding increase in legislation to make up for the deficiencies in moral scruples and for moral though troublous tendencies toward disobedience, plus corresponding increases in actual or imagined corruption to do with the exercising of this particular power, plus the incentive to protect special interests not only by identifying these interests with love of God, country and good old Spedunk Academy, but also by identifying opponents with whatever name or movement happens at the time to

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be uppermost in the public imagination as the perfect instance of Unadulterated Evil.

Say, if you will, that all this negativity would not be (that the dialectic of material positive and moral negative would be abolished), "if men were but scientific enough." And unquestionably, you can define "science" in such a way that this "positive position" follows from your definition.

It's not my purpose here to argue with that view, which is by definition unassailable. I would but have us admonish ourselves that, at least "for a long time to come," "until people do become scientific enough," *every addition to the positive powers of applied science will be an addition to the realm of human conflict.*

You can also observe, if you will, that there are sources of conflict just as pressing, and maybe even more pressing, in any *failure* to perfect the resources of technology. And you are right, alas. For regardless of whether technology holds out the promises that its apologists claim for it (the material "positives" without the corresponding batch of ethical "negatives"), there certainly seems to be no other "hope" (at least if people must go on proliferating like the plague, and if all the world is to pick up our bad habit of making no distinction between gadgetry and a high standard of living—for this equation helps stimulate the fabulous wastage of our resources in timber, land, minerals, water and manhours resulting from the production and distribution of commercial products most of which are culturally worse than worthless).

To argue about whether we "should" or "should not" subscribe to technology is like being halfway over Niagara Falls in a barrel and asking yourself whether or not to turn back. You go right ahead, and maybe you'll break your neck, and maybe you won't. The New Powers are here, and that's that, including the Grand Bombastic Apocalypse of atomic energy, with its mighty contribution to the transforming of scientific truth into conspiratorial secrecy. What burns me up is the "positive" unction so often associated with the "promissory" position.

It makes things look too damned simple—and precisely at a time when they are becoming more and more complex.

SO LET ME end on a polemically slanted sloganizing of mine enemy's position:

"Man in the state of nature was comparatively weak. But with the aid of his inventions, he has become comparatively strong. In his weakness, there was bondage; in his strength there is the hope of freedom. Above all, the kinds of technological strength which man has developed hold out hopes for us, since they so clearly testify to the powers of human reason. Accordingly, the more thoroughly we learn to act in accordance with the rational genius of the instruments and methods which applied science has perfected, the more freedom we can expect to acquire for ourselves and our progeny. Science can be said to have 'failed' us only in the sense that we have failed science through not being scientific enough. But we have already made great strides in the direction of scientific rationality. And with the help of education and of organizations like the United Nations, we can hope for continued improvement.

"Accordingly, a 'positive' attitude is justified—and any who speak otherwise are but 'neo-mediaeval prophets of gloom and doom who would turn back the clock of progress.' Every advance that we now point to with pride was first viewed with alarm. So don't make the mistake of selling mankind short, or you'll be caught by the upswing. True, there are temporary fluctuations, and the in-and-out trader may get badly burned—but an investment in culture for the long pull is safe. The investor can be confident that things will go on appreciating of themselves. Particularly if he has a backlog of sound industrial stocks, he can feel confident; for in addition to real appreciation in the worth of his holdings, their market value will keep pace with whatever degree of inflation the culture runs into. So be 'positive' in your attitude, and peace of mind will be your reward.

"What do the calamity-howlers want? Do they want us to go back and live in trees? Our escape from nature, great as it is, is but a beginning as compared with the great heights we are yet to attain, once man has perfected science to the point where he can have complete control over his own destiny. Man's ability to develop New Needs is but in its infancy. Just as we progressed from movies to radio and television, so we shall invent the tasties and feelies, not to mention the smellies. We shall have artificial insemination in artificial wombs. We shall perfect our educational mechanisms to the point where, if you want to learn something, instead of the present antediluvian methods of study, with their corresponding wasteful expenditure of energy, you will simply take a pill and acquire the new aptitude by suggestion in your sleep. We'll have a high-class real estate boom on the far side of the moon, with cheap lots on the side that fronts on the backyard view of Earth. And if there is any one still crude enough to sleep soundly enough to snore, science will perfect his bazoo by clamping upon it an Eolian Harp that, in the process of his respiration, will give forth a resonance of heavenly concordancies. So enjoy the Great Adventure. And to enjoy it, above all *be positive in your attitude.*"

THE POSITIVE is such a sure-fire slogan, I'm sure that, if the minus sign in mathematics were only now invented, the device would be advocated in the name of *Positive* Negativity (in contrast with the previous absence of this symbol, a past deplorable condition that would be characterized as Negative Negativity). Yet I feel positively certain that the full implications of this current stylistic unction (presumably so different from the days when the Ten Commandments were formulated as a code for the guidance of human conduct) are not understood —and above all, these implications (as regards the relations between positives and negatives) are concealed from us when we adopt too "positive" an attitude towards the "promises" of "progress."

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Power and the Relevance of History

SIX HISTORIANS. By Ferdinand Schevill. University of Chicago Press. 200 pp. $5.

HISTORY IN A CHANGING WORLD. By Geoffrey Barraclough. University of Oklahoma Press. 246 pp. $4.

Pieter Geyl

NO TWO historians of outstanding ability can be more unlike in viewpoint than the late Ferdinand Schevill and Geoffrey Barraclough are shown to be by the two volumes of essays which it is my present task to review.

Schevill's portraits of six historians range in time from Thucydides to Henry Adams. Each writer is approached with discriminating sympathy, assisted by impressive learning. I have been particularly impressed by the essays on Thucydides and on Ranke, but they are all beautifully done. They are also filled with respect and love for history itself, as it is now understood by the majority of professional historians. The writer of history, so Schevill had been insisting for the last twenty years and more of his life, should scrupulously attend to the facts, but he should not therefore imagine that his accounts and interpretations can have the validity of scientific conclusions. Into them there enters, inevitably and rightly, his own time-bound and individual philosophy, his own personality.

Does Schevill, then, range himself on the side of Charles Beard, who challenged the ascendancy of Ranke and of "historicism?" Far from it. To claim untrammeled freedom for a philosophy, to make history the servant of progress, or socialism, or whatever, seems to him to debase it. "Historicism" in the true Rankean sense, so he says, was far removed from a naive belief in the possibility of reconstituting the past in objective actuality. It was inspired by a humble reverence for history as the expression of God's will and acquiesced in a recognition of its ultimate mystery. Discard, if you like, the mystic garb; be sure to guard against the moral indifference and political passivity which are undeniably present in Ranke—the basic attitude remains one that enriches and ennobles modern civilization.

PROFESSOR BARRACLOUGH, who for a number of years occupied the chair of mediaeval history at the University of Liverpool, recently succeeded Arnold Toynbee as Research Professor of International History at London University. His essays, fifteen of them and for the most part quite short, give evidence, no less than do those of Schevill, of a vast range of learning. But instead of a firm rooting in the Western cultural tradition, the balance and mellow understanding characteristic of the older man, we find here a restless dissatisfaction with the old ways of historical scholarship, carping—wildly, as it seems to me—at prejudice, convention, antiquated methods, and calling on us to cast all our textbooks onto the dustheap and learn the world's history anew.

For Barraclough, "historicism" is the enemy. Historicism, which sees history as a process of continuity, to which one period is as important as another, by which everything is related, is judged according to time, place, context and environment, etc. —I abridge the eloquent passage. No doubt such tendencies have at times been promoted by historicism, but it seems to me absurd to write as though they constituted the prevailing attitude among historians of the last generation. Historicism is not for me a term of reproach because I regard these demoralizing and deadening kinds of relativism as excrescences. I find its true significance in the fact that it enables us to feel ourselves, not enslaved by the past, but in touch with it—a touch which is invigorating as well as restraining.

But here comes Professor Barraclough to bid us study the periods of crisis, of change and revolution, for continuity is a delusion and we are ourselves in just such a period of crisis, which makes all our inherited notions of the past "irrelevant." What exactly does the new prophet mean? In his introduction he lays much stress on the immorality of historicism, but his own philosophy, as he develops it in a variety of contexts, is not preoccupied with morality or the free choice of the individual, but with power.

Western Europe has lost its dominant position: America, Russia, Asia now make world history. Let us not shrink from the conclusion, then, that we have been wrong all along in picturing to ourselves a world history centering on Europe. So runs Barraclough's argument.

The loss of the dominant position is indisputable, though to suggest that "in the late twentieth or in the twenty-first century Europe is destined to enjoy (if that is the right word) something not unlike the colonial status which in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries it imposed on Africa, much of Asia and the New World," seems to me just shock tactics unworthy of a serious historical argument. But admitting that the dominant position is gone and irretrievable, does it follow that in our views of the past, when the dominant position was undeniable, Europe must no longer be seen as the central force in world affairs?

To me it seems obvious that the peoples of America, Asia and Africa, all of whom have been deeply and permanently affected by the traditions and enterprises of Western Eu-

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rope, will for a long time need to study the history of that region in its period of greatness if they want to understand themselves. But it does not seem obvious to Barraclough:

> The traditional Europe—the Europe of our history books, the Europe of Louis XIV and Napoleon and Bismarck—is dead and beyond resurrection, and we may disabuse our minds of the illusion that there is any special relevance, from the point of view of contemporary affairs, in studying these neolithic figures.

It was in 1943, when Stalingrad was relieved by the Russians, that Professor Barraclough suddenly awoke to the fact that he had misspent his life. Why, he asked himself, had he and all Westerners been so blind to the actual distribution of power? It was because he, who knew a great deal about the machinery of the papal chancery in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, knew nothing of the piasts, the Przemyslids and the Ruriks; because, in short, he knew nothing of Eastern European history. This strikes me as an extraordinarily naive remark. In the first place, why wait until 1943? And although the victory at Stalingrad may have been an unanswerable power pronouncement, was it the natural culmination of a process beginning with the Przemyslids and the Ruriks? One has only to read the story of the 1941 campaign to realize how uncertain were the chances of war and how near Stalin came to ruin. Would we then have had to accept Germany as the true center of world history and re-write everything accordingly?

IT IS not only the decline of Western Europe's world position, it is the rise of Russia and of communism which often makes our "universalists" give way to what I regard as a detestable defeatism with respect to the vitality and prospects of Western society. They are so obsessed with the idea of change that they no longer care to preserve our heritage. Their outlook is akin to that truly revolutionary mentality which Croce, twenty-five years ago, described under the name of "anti-historicism":

> That feeling that true history is only about to begin, and that we are at last escaping from the bonds of false history and struggling into freedom and space.

I used the term "our heritage." *The European Heritage* was the title of a three-volume collective work which appeared in England two or three years ago. Barraclough devotes a largely sarcastic article to it, the title especially moving him to scorn. Though some of his remarks are to the point, his bias appears in the use he makes of Geoffrey Bruun's gloomy description of the state of affairs, especially in France, after the miscarriage of the Revolution of 1848 and of the 1871 Commune: "A runaway technology; the implicit contradiction at the heart of liberal philosophy: the unresolved contradiction between political equality in theory and economic inequality in fact; the confident premises were no more." All this is quoted from Bruun, Barraclough seeming to forget that it is related to one particular period. But the final sentence of the paragraph: "When the end came, old Europe's last breath was a sign of relief, as it concluded the unequal struggle, cast aside its burden, and gave up the ghost," is not based on Bruun, though the reader must think so.

Has old Europe indeed given up the ghost? One might maintain with greater justice that the twentieth century, which has seen the ruin of Europe's power, has also seen a new proof of the vitality and resourcefulness of its society and civilization —seen it in the welfare state, which has largely resolved the distressing contrasts of the preceding century. But the welfare state comes in for nothing but sneers from Barraclough:

> In Russian eyes today [he said in a lecture] western society is a weary decadent society, the relict of a dying bourgeoisie, which has lost faith in itself and is incapable of renewal from within. To you, luxuriating in the manifold delights of the "welfare state," this may seem a curious and perverse judgment.

He does not actually say that he considers the judgment sound, but this is the impression one gathers from his many pronouncements. And indeed he tells us in so many words that our civilization has nothing to look forward to but gradually being superseded by "the coming civilization," of which he can already see

Sea Monster

We were not even out of sight of land
That afternoon when we saw it. A good day
With the sea making but still light. Not
One of us would have hesitated
As to where we were, or mistaken the brown
Cliffs or the town on top. Just after
The noon watch, it was, that it slid
Into our sight: a darkness under
The surface, between us and the land, twisting
Like a snake swimming or a line of birds
In the air. Then breached, big as a church,
Right there beside us. None of us will
Agree what it was we saw then, but
None of us showed the least surprise, and truly
I felt none. What I say, its eyes
Were like the sea when the thick snow falls
Onto it with a whisper and slides heaving
On the gray water. And looked at us
For a long time, as though it knew us, but
Did not harm us that time, sinking at last,
The waters closing like a rush of breath. Then
We were all ashamed at what we had seen,
Said it was only a sea-trick or
A dream we had all had together. As it
May have been, for since then we have forgotten
How it was that, on sea or land, once
We proved to ourselves that we were awake.

W. S. MERWIN

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"the dim shape." Elsewhere he holds out the comforting thought that "European values, though they may be modified and re-assessed, will not perish, because they are embedded in both American and Russian civilization."

But he warns us not to think of America as an integral part of Western European civilization. He is at pains, on the contrary, to argue that Russia is more truly of Europe than most of us are inclined to believe. He does not, in fact, seem to find much to choose between America and Russia:

> Already the Soviet Union and the United States have their European satellites; already eastern Europe can only defend itself with Russian help against American domination [!], and western Europe can only defend itself with American aid against Russia.

Power, I said, is the dominant factor in Barraclough's view of the world. Nowhere in his book is there a clear indication of the true nature of the Soviet system in which we are to be glad that "our Western values" are being "embedded." The tendency of this latest prophecy of a historian (in a book, let me add, abounding in acute and stimulating remarks) seems to me pernicious.

The White-Collar Negro

BLACK BOURGEOISIE. By E. Franklin Frazier. The Free Press. 264 pp. $4.

Everett C. Hughes

NOBODY, that is who the black bourgeoisie of the United States are becoming. So says E. Franklin Frazier, of Howard University, in his introduction. His last line is in the same tone: "The black bourgeoisie suffers from 'nothingness' because when Negroes attain middle-class status, their lives generally lose both content and significance." And this is not a plea by some unreconstructed white person for a return to that Eden where all Negroes were faithful servants and all white men kindly aristocrats. It is the castigation of his racial fellows by an eminent American, whose professional fellows, the sociologists, have justly awarded him their MacIver Prize for *Black Bourgeoisie.*

And what is this *Nothingness* or *Nobody-ness?* One must go back to the beginning of the book for that. The beginning is a very readable, semi-popular social and economic history of Negroes in the United States. In that section the author emphasizes the ups and downs of whatever rudimentary middle class there may have been in each epoch and there were small ups as well as downs. Landowners, artisans, business and professional men arose in small or moderate number in the South in quite early times. Some Negroes got to the North and acquired land or city real estate; others found their way up by other means. Frazier tells the story of the migrations and social changes well; if the reader wants it in more detail he should go to Frazier's bigger book, *The Negro in the United States* (1949), of which a revised edition is announced for early publication.

The history leads up to the two main themes. The first of these is that American Negroes have built a great and empty myth that there is such a thing as Negro business and Negro wealth in this country. There is none. The illusion is preserved by a lavish and conspicuous spending of their substance, and then some, by those who do have a little more income than others; and by a Negro press all too willing to cherish the illusion. In fact, there is not much beyond a few beauty and funeral businesses, entertainment, sports and the "policy" racket. The professional people have no very solid clientele; the so-called intellectuals who teach in the Negro colleges often sit in a second-rate security behind the walls of segregation.

The second theme is that of the illusion itself, its causes, and its effects. The causes are racial segregation and discrimination and the humiliation every Negro American has had to suffer and to fear from the moment when the first were landed in North America right down to this moment in 1957. Because of the fairly complete break-down of African social units among the slaves, who were brought as individuals not as families or tribes, the Negroes here built up a completely new life—an American life patterned after that of the white people around and above them. Imitation and self-hatred, this is the combination to which Frazier attributes the emptiness and the maintenance of false front. At one point he speaks of the Negro as an "exaggerated American." The effect is a sumptuous banality in the lives of those who can afford it, a pompous banality in the lives of those who can't quite, but who fancy themselves as of "society."

As to the economic facts that Frazier presents there can be no doubt. One is tempted to correct the picture a bit by saying that the middle class of any group coming up from below is likely to rise by performing services—or disservices—for their fellows rather than by getting a firm footing in the main industries and businesses of the country. Frazier would answer, and in effect has answered, that in this as in other things, the American Negroes are an exaggerated case.

I DO NOT quarrel with Frazier on any of his points. Nor do I object to his rhetoric, which is that of tearing away the screen of illusion. Yet I think it important that there is a bigger Negro middle class here than anywhere in the world, in number and probably in proportion, in spite of the fact that the race-caste barrier has been stricter here than anywhere except South Africa. In the past few years, the economic base of American Negroes has broadened tremendously. Perhaps there will soon be a new Negro lower middle class of people who work in industry and offices and who will live well but not conspicuously or pretentiously; and who may very probably have children who will have no marks of exaggerated Americanism, good or bad, upon them. Perhaps the integration of churches, schools, colleges, professional services, life of the mind and of the arts, and of just life and work, will take away both the temptation and the possibility for this group of Americans to pursue nothingness more (or less) than other Americans.

And that brings us to the point that permeates every line of the book; that no good ever came of injustice. Every line of it is a ten times more devastating condemnation of discrimination than recounting of material inequalities would be. Jordan River can destroy the body, but not the soul. Frazier seems to be telling us that, in its latter days, the lingering on of discrimination can indeed destroy souls which stood up against the harsher physical oppression of the earlier time. He has not bothered to say what it does to the minds of the white people who are both creators and victims of the racial barrier. There is no

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comfort in the book for any white person who would like to make the weaknesses of Negro Americans an excuse for postponing racial justice to some other day.

Franklin Frazier has devoted his scholarly career to the single problem of race relations. Having written his big books, full of footnotes and objectivity, he has now written a little book, for all to read, not the less scholarly for being more passionate than the others. Every scholar should do it when he has attained full stature. But that is not quite true: it is just this that brings him to full stature.

Veteran of the Committee Wars

FREEDOM IS AS FREEDOM DOES. By Corliss Lamont, with a foreword by Bertrand Russell, and an introduction by H. H. Wilson. Horizon Press. 322 pp. $3.95.

Irving Dilliard

CORLISS LAMONT has been in the forefront of human rights contests one way or another approximately half his lifetime. Millions of citizens of the United States who do not know his name owe him a deep debt of gratitude for the battles he has fought and is still fighting for them.

But if millions of Americans could not identify this protector of their basic constitutional rights, there are people around the globe who do know Corliss Lamont well and favorably. Bertrand Russell is one of those overseas who appreciates what Corliss Lamont is doing for the cause of freedom here in the United States and hence throughout the world. The celebrated British philosopher has taken the time, at the age of eighty-five, to provide a foreword to the second printing of *Freedom Is as Freedom Does,* which is designed primarily for readers in England.

Excepting "perhaps Holland and Scandinavia," nations generally are liable to waves of hysteria, with varying amounts of damage, Bertrand Russell writes. Listing some of the worst of these manifestations, he notes that there was such a wave in France in 1793 and another during the Dreyfus case in the 1890s. Germany had it "in the worst possible form" in Hitler's time. Russia had it under Stalin.

A youthful nation, the United States has been plagued, so the Briton counts them, with three major outbreaks: in 1798, at the time of the Alien and Sedition Acts; in 1919-20, when A. Mitchell Palmer's "deportations delirium" raids followed World War I; and through much of the last decade, but particularly after the start of the Korean war.

The British need not flatter themselves, Bertrand Russell reminds his countrymen. In reading what has happened in the United States in recent years, he feels constantly as if he were reading about England under the Stuarts. Congressional committees "are the counterpart of the Star Chamber." Wisconsin's Senator McCarthy "seems like a reincarnation of Titus Oates." And "the younger Pitt, if he found himself now in Washington, would feel quite at home."

Whether or not Corliss Lamont has felt altogether at home, he has acted on the sound assumption that every citizen ought to do his part in making the home what it should be—and could be. His book tells of the main battles in which he has personally taken part. At the same time, the author attempts to give the reader an over-all survey of the recent "onslaught against the Bill of Rights."

Both purposes are splendid. There have been, as Lamont readily agrees, many first-rate books on special aspects of the current civil liberties crisis—particularly the Cornell University Press's excellent series under direction of Robert E. Cushman. But Osmond K. Fraenkel's *Our Civil Liberties,* published in 1944, remains the last preceding book which attempted to draw together the main lines of attack against individual freedom in the United States.

UNHAPPILY for us all, the task which confronted Corliss Lamont had grown to be a staggering one in the decade and a half since Mr. Fraenkel undertook his inventory. So *Freedom Is As Freedom Does* makes no pretense at being an "encyclopedia of the all-but numberless violations of civil liberties" of recent years. It selects for discussion "a limited number of laws, decrees, investigations, cases and incidents that illustrate the general pattern of repression." The important field of race relations is not treated in the text, but the author notes in his preface that here "there has been genuine though spotty progress."

Corliss Lamont is quite clear in his mind as to why he came under attack by the House Un-American Activities Committee, the first area of personal participation that he describes. It was because he was "a radical in economics and politics, in philosophy and international affairs, and—most unpardonable of all—an advocate of American-Soviet cooperation and of peaceful coexistence between the capitalist and Communist blocs."

Recalling how John E. Rankin of Mississippi, when a member of the committee, yelled at him and otherwise displayed vindictive ill temper, Corliss Lamont expresses the judgment that "Rankin, fortunately no longer a member of Congress, was the most arrogant and abusive public figure I have ever met."

THE House Un-American Activities Committee's contempt citation, voted 240 to 85, was dropped by the United States district attorney in Washington, in March 1947, because he decided it would not hold up in court. The contempt citation voted against Lamont by the McCarthy subcommittee some six years later was pushed through a grand jury and into the courts. Senator McCarthy undertook to question Lamont about his beliefs and the books he had written. The author challenged the jurisdiction of the subcommittee to inquire into a citizen's political opinions, religious ideas, associational activities or any other personal and private affairs. He answered a few questions concerning recorded facts, but declined to reply to most of the McCarthy inquiries. He did not once invoke the Fifth Amendment but gave as his constitutional basis the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of expression.

Although the McCarthy attack brought out a substantial and gratifying support for Corliss Lamont, the Senate almost a year later voted 71 to 3 to cite him for contempt. The three Senators who made the most of the opportunity to vote to curb the McCarthy committee's brazen excesses were Lehman of New York, Chavez of New Mexico and Langer of North Dakota. Some two months later came indictment by a federal grand jury in New York.

The defendant's motion to dismiss the indictment was granted in July 1955 by Federal District Judge Edward Weinfeld largely on the ground that the McCarthy subcommittee had no legal authority to carry on such inquiries. Attorney General Brownell's Justice Department appealed Judge Weinfeld's dismissal only to have the Federal Court

IRVING DILLIARD is editor of the editorial page of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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of Appeals unanimously uphold the lower court.

Bookburning, passport trouble, denial of a hall in which to speak—Corliss Lamont has been through these and other civil liberties battles as a participant. Yet the controversy which he recounts that will most disturb many readers he reserved for his final chapter, "The Decline of the American Civil Liberties Union." The thesis here is that the ACLU has had increasing inner stresses, as the pressures mounted on the outside, with the result that it has compromised and weakened its defense of the Bill of Rights.

This reviewer does not have the requisite information for fair appraisal of this matter, but he can say that no part of a distressing book distresses him more.

Is the tide turning? Corliss Lamont thinks it is to some degree, but that so much ground has been lost in the last ten years that the tide must flow long and powerfully if we are to recover all our freedoms. In short: "McCarthy the man is in eclipse, but McCarthy*ism* remains strongly entrenched throughout the country."

It is not necessary to accept without reservation each of his summaries or all his conclusions to say that Corliss Lamont has given us a book of great value to all who care what happens to freedom in the United States.

Four Views of Love: New Fiction

THE WAPSHOT CHRONICLE. By John Cheever. Harper & Bros. 307 pp. $3.50.

THE SERAGLIO. By James Merrill. Alfred A. Knopf. 312 pp. $3.95.

TALL HOUSES IN WINTER. By Doris Betts. Putnam. 383 pp. $4.50.

THE DURABLE FIRE. By Howard Swiggett. Houghton Mifflin. 366 pp. $4.50.

David L. Stevenson

JOHN CHEEVER'S *The Wapshot Chronicle* is a specialty number, an adult entertainment tenuously but amiably held together by its author's casual wit. In part, it is a series of loosely related sketches of the more eccentric members of the Wapshot family, living and dead, who have inhabited the New England town of St. Botolphs since 1630.

In the main, though, it is a rather aloof look at the fretful anxieties and the pleasant rewards of sex—both as they are recorded in his journal and mulled over by the somewhat lecherous, present-day Leander Wapshot, and as they are experienced by Leander's two sons, Moses and Coverly.

Reviewers' adjectives of praise have begun to pile up around *The Wapshot Chronicle,* and I find myself in disagreement with only one. Both Jean Stafford in her dust-jacket comments and Carlos Baker in *The Saturday Review* refer to the novel as "gamy." I think this word misses the point. Leander's debaucheries and his terse description of them, Moses' sentimental journeys across the roof tiles of his aunt's Victorian castle to assignations with Melissa, and Coverly's temporary fright, when his wife leaves him, that he is a homosexual virgin, completely lack the flavor of the smoking-room story. They rather illustrate Cheever's wry and compassionate view of human behavior. Cheever insists that we take a cosmic point of view toward love. And it is his great achievement, in *The Wapshot Chronicle,* that we find ourselves (in his company) for once outside the clinic, in the open air, taking the complexities of sex in a cheerful, twentieth-century stride.

NOT SO in James Merrill's first novel, *The Seraglio.* He is very earnest about the nature of love. His story of Francis Tanning who must compete for his identity as a male against a father who is enormously powerful because of his wealth, and who is fanatically besieged by his wives and mistresses, is a Freudian diagram enlarged to the shape of a novel. As the father takes on a new wife, the son attempts to castrate himself, to shear away his need to do further battle.

The conversation in Merrill's book is convincing, and here and there one of his scenes comes beautifully alive. But a disintegrating air of unreality prevades his seraglio. One has the feeling that his characters are engaged in a diverting charade, and that sex, for them, is something one merely talks about. They remain disembodied after the fashion of the characters in Eliot's *Cocktail Party.* One can no more imagine one of them crawling across tiles to a tryst than one can imagine Eliot's Lavinia in the arms of *her* lover. A novel about love which is wholly earnest, wholly verbal, is finally unbelievable.

IN DORIS BETT'S *Tall Houses in Winter,* love is presented as a flight of memory, a pilgrimage by the hero, dying of cancer, to the southern town where a decade before he had had an affair with his brother's wife, now dead. In its descriptions of love-making, in its evocations of moods which we associate with old houses or with changes of weather and seasons, *Tall Houses in Winter* sometimes has the power to stir our own flights of memory. But the novel joins other good company in not quite making it as a serious piece of fiction. Perhaps the writer is aiming higher than the strength of her imagination will take her. Here is the sort of novel one would be glad to have succeed, but one is left with the unhappy feeling that, despite the calling forth of one's deepest feelings in a few scenes, the fictional world created in *Tall Houses in Winter* is not strong enough to hold together.

IN HOWARD SWIGGETT'S *The Durable Fire,* love is presented as mindlessly wholesome, and I confess myself, as a reader of fiction, more at ease with the partially created, adulterous love of *Tall Houses in Winter.* In style and plot, Swiggett's novel recalls *Point of No Return,* though Swiggett lacks Marquand's flickering satirical awareness and has definitely crossed the line into the non-world of popular fiction. The inhabitants of his non-world recognize themselves as alive when they find themselves in a Brooks Brothers' suit, entraining for the office from an acceptable suburb, and late in the afternoon having a cocktail at a university club.

The hero of *The Durable Fire,* Stephen Lowry, aged forty, leaves the foreign service to enter the executive suite of Continental Industries, of Rockefeller City, where a $35,000 a year salary is mere subsistence. His problem is to remain afloat despite the handicaps of having driven a truck for the Loyalist Relief in Spain, having a latent desire to retire at fifty to write a book, and having a foreign-born wife. Stephen finally arrives as one who has "a vision of the unbounded future of industrial America." He attributes his success to the character-building effects of conjugal love, to the fact that he has watched his wife "get ready for bed three or four thousand times and each time it's like seeing a New-Found-Land."

The only legitimate question to ask of this novel is whether it will outsell *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit.*

DAVID L. STEVENSON teaches contemporary literature at Western Reserve University. He is the author of The Love-Game Comedy.

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LETTER from CEYLON

Paul Bowles

JUST what would one's first impressions of Ceylon be? Mine were formed a little over seven years ago, but although the country has changed considerably since then, very likely I should notice the same details today: fireworks, flags and lanterns of festival time, thousands of clowning and chattering crows, Christmas-tree bulbs strung through the branches of the trees, catamarans like primitive wooden sculptures beached on the sand, zebus pulling enormous painted carts, umbrella-shaped shrines in the Buddhist temple precincts, the Sinhalese with their frail bodies and betel-stained lips and, more than all the rest put together, the reckless luxuriance of the vegetation. It is hard to visualize any scene here without its backdrop of trees, so completely do they dominate the landscape. They are always there, the vast rain-trees and the ancient bô-trees with their quivering sequin-like leaves, the bread-fruits and the jaks, the abnormally tall cocos (in the neighborhood of my home they grow to eighty feet) and the incredibly thin areca palms. If there were no verdure more noteworthy than the tea bushes and the rubber trees, the countryside would be rather more monotonous than most.

Ceylon has no true rain forest such as you see in South America; that is a phenomenon too forbidding to be thought of in purely esthetic terms. Here, on the contrary, no matter how primeval the scene, you have the feeling that it has been studiously arranged to please the eye; once you leave the city, any vista looks like part of a lavish botanical garden. If you go to the Yala Game Preserve you get the same impression with regard to the animals. At sunset you can come upon a score of elephants at a water hole half a mile away, but if you want to photograph them you must do it from inside your car, since for safety's sake it is forbidden to circulate in the area without a tracker, whose principal function is to see that no one under any circumstances ever gets out of his automobile. In the final analysis you feel as though you were in a tremendous zoo whose inmates had been placed there for your amusement. The rogue elephants and buffaloes are dangerous enough; it is not uncommon for a car to be attacked and its occupants injured or even killed. But knowing this does not change the impression you get of being in a place which for some reason seems artificial. Perhaps it is because a few miles outside the sanctuary you see what look like the same buffaloes working placidly in the paddy-fields, and very similar elephants moving slowly along the roads, tinkling their bells, being led and talked to by their mahouts. As for the leopards and bears, you're lucky if you find even the footprints of one outside the kitchen of the circuit bungalow when you wake up in the morning.

Friends in Ceylon used to insist that if I liked tea I must never visit a tea-factory. And it is true that the coolies walk in with cow-dung on their bare feet and shuffle through the heaps of tea, and that from then on the tea is in no way sterilized before it reaches your cupboard. However, I still drink it with as much enthusiasm as ever. There is a local brand, called Tangana, which is quite the best I have ever tasted.

You hear a good deal of talk these days about plans to nationalize the tea industry. About ten million rupees have been spent in acquiring several estates and setting them in motion on a cooperative basis. The aim is not so much to raise the living standard of the workers as it is to keep the money in Ceylon. And it is no surprise to be told by the planters that estate land for which the government pays nine hundred rupees an acre is "really" worth three thousand.

Tea-growing used to be a highly remunerative occupation here for the man with the capital to acquire a few hundred acres of land. Let us suppose you have a small to middling estate of four hundred acres of tea; you will need five hundred laborers to work them, and you will get approximately four hundred thousand pounds of tea each year from your bushes. Yet each plant, which is picked every fifteen days throughout the year, gives only four and a half ounces per picking. This means that the picker, who is paid according to the number of pounds she can gather in a day, must move fast. It is significant that the people who perform this poorly paid work are not only Tamils, but Tamil women. No particular skill is required; the picker needs only to recognize what is called the "soap leaf" on each stem, and count upward from there in order to take exactly the right leaves. The same plant can give five different grades of tea, depending on the size of the leaves, which are put through sieves of varying mesh; the best Ceylon variety is Broken Orange Pekoe. Tea-processing is simple; from plant to cup can take as little as twenty-four hours, although thirty hours are recommended. Tea is everyone's drink here; at each little station on a local train, vendors hand it up through the windows to the passengers. Alcoholic drinks are more dificult. There is a great deal of legislation about how, where and when arak and toddy can be sold. (These two Ceylon institutions are analogous to Mexico's tequila and pulque respectively; the difference is that they are made from the areca palm rather than from the maguey plant.) Imported drinks are for the very rich; a fifth of gin costs $8.20 in U. S. currency. Ceylon is no longer a cheap country for the tourist. On each of my five visits I have found prices higher, until this time hotel rates and meals are double what they were in 1950, although both the official and the black-market rate of the dollar have remained the same.

ON the front page of this morning's *Daily News,* ("Largest Circulation in Ceylon") appears an article bewailing the fact that anti-Chou posters cropped up here and there in the streets on the eve of Chou En-lai's arrival in Colombo. "Who could have been responsible, when almost all political parties approved of this visit? Could it have been done through some foreign agency?" demands the *News.* This xenophobia is ridiculous; not native to the average man, it is being carefully manufactured, along with the rabid intolerance of non-Buddhist citizens, by the demagogues of the moment. It is, of course, mistrust directed solely at the West. According to the editors, China is the greatest Buddhist nation in the world. Says the *Times of Ceylon,* (today's edition) "Ideological differences need not stand in the way of political and economic co-operation." But the *Times* does not go on to say whether the ideological differences are religious or social; obviously they are not political. Today's *Ceylon Observer* reminds its readers that Wendell Willkie was dazzled by Chou's personal charm to the point of writing: "If this man is a Communist, I say, let's have more of them."

Everyone seems to agree that there are no Moscow-trained Ceylonese in the local Communist Party. It is an intimate, provincial affair, in which the leaders themselves will appear with their wives on the scene of a strike and give out handbills to the passers-by. A characteristic note was struck a few years ago in Matara, a Communist stronghold

PAUL BOWLES is on his way to Kenya, from where he will send The Nation *another of his reports.*

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on the south coast, when party members, on learning of the defeat of their candidate, shaved off their eyebrows as a token of mourning. Another Ceylonese political oddity is the existence of the Lanka Sama Samaja, a Trotzkyist Party which is an active influence in the political life of the land. Since I first arrived I have been assured many times over that a wedding between the local Third and Fourth Internationals was imminent, but since the latter is still around, it would appear that the announcement was only an expression of wishful thinking by the former.

THE organization running the country at present, called the Mahajana Eksath Peramuna, or M. E. P., is a coalition group which at the time of its formation gathered into one pile most of the disaffected elements of Ceylon's political life, including the Sri Lanka, (Bandaranaike's own Socialist group) the Sama Samaja and the Communist Parties. There was great discontent with the conservative United National Party, which had held power since the beginning of the independent regime. The very fact that its official name is in English rather than in Sinhalese is considered to indicate its orientation. By the time the U. N. P.'s Sir John Kotelawala had reached the end of his term, he had managed to alienate just about everyone in the country (if for a variety of opposing reasons); even so, the landslide accorded to the M. E. P. with Bandaranaike as candidate came as a big surprise to everyone, perhaps most of all to the victors, who were incompletely prepared to take over the responsibilities of government.

An employee of CARE, which is administering an extensive school-lunch program here at the moment, tells me it is not an uncomon occurrence for him to arrive at an isolated country school whose master casually confides to him that his salary has not been paid for the better part of a year. "How do you live?" the American asks. "I borrow," says the schoolmaster. "People will lend because I work for government. Presently government will pay." Each time the American has checked with the Department of Education on such a case, he has discovered that the poor schoolmasters are quite wrong; procrastination is not at all the reason why their checks have not come through. They have been teaching in schools which do not appear on any official list; the Board of Education has not even been aware that their schools existed. The CARE man adds that at the time of the switch of government a good many records were lost or destroyed, sometimes by design, in order to make the incoming group's task the more onerous — a bit of spitefulness which turned out to be largely gratuitous, inasmuch as the disparity between the M.E.P's grandiose Utopian promises and its record of achievement is fast becoming all too clear even to M. E. P. enthusiasts. There is a widespread conviction now that the U. N. P. (not headed by Kotelawala) will take over at the time of the next elections, if not before — i.e., in the event the present government falls. But it looks as though there will be some very difficult terrain to cross before then. Those who assume that it will be possible for the country to step back peacefully into pre-M. E. P. conditions would seem to show a certain lack of imagination.

There is little of the much-touted nonviolence of the Indian in the Sinhalese. It would be difficult, for instance, to imagine him adopting the strategy of satyagraha: his emotional responses are too much like our own. Fortunately he has a natural civility and a capacity for tolerance which have not yet been totally destroyed by his politicians. But he does not take kindly to the presence of Europeans in Ceylon — a natural reaction to centuries of exploitation by outsiders. The visitor who is not an obvious tourist making the traditional tourist's pilgrimages to Anuradhapura, Polonnaruwa, Kandy and Sigiriya will find himself the object of a constantly repeated inquisition, conducted by complete strangers and in a manner not necessarily altogether friendly. "What do you want? What are you doing in Ceylon? Why have you come here?" The government's attitude is similar; it loves to play tough with visitors, particularly American ones. I may have been lucky all these years, but the fact remains that no other government has happened to slap me into a concentration camp (the local euphemism is "screening camp") for forty-eight hours because through a self-admitted technical error made by its own consular service my visa was not valid. Nor, save in Ceylon, have I ever been stripped naked by customs inspectors while their assistants fingered the seams of my garments. In the first instance they told me I was suspected of being an international spy. "But spying for whom?" I insisted. "Spying for International," said the camp's temporary director (his boss was on holiday). In the second instance they were looking for sapphires and rubies. In both cases they went about their business impersonally and with deadly seriousness.

Through all the years of Portuguese and Dutch occupation the interior of the country remained independent and hostile to invaders. It was only in 1815 that the British finally managed to conquer the last King of Kandy; the tradition of independence never had time to be totally extinguished. Spirit is not lacking, but the need now is for a program of internal cohesion, a rational attempt to achieve some kind of unity. There are other dangers to the autonomy of the country besides the obvious one of Communist domination. The more literary-minded Sinhalese used to say: "Ceylon is like a tear-drop falling from the face of India." They don't say it any more. It is too likely to become a political truth. The fierce nationalism inspired by this realization engenders religious chauvinism under which Buddhists prosper at the expense of Hindus, Moslems and Christians; it also gives rise to discriminatory laws aimed precisely at the Tamils — the minority group from whose indirect retaliation via India Ceylon has the most to fear. Outbreaks of violence such as last year's tragic massacre at Gal Oya or this year's fatal Independence Day riots in the towns of the Tamil-inhabited northern and eastern regions thus become an inevitable concomitant of governmental policy. No one religious group is confined to any single section of the country; in each town you will find Hindu temples, Mosques, and both Catholic and Protestant churches as well as the sacred Buddhist vihara. Pilgrims to sanctuaries like Adam's Peak and the unforgettable jungle shrine of Kataragama include members of all cults. For centuries it has been the custom of the land for divergent faiths to be practiced side by side in the harmony provided by mutual tolerance. The necessity of enforcing a continuation of this custom, and enforcing it at all costs, ought to be self-evident, if any semblance of unity within the nation is to be maintained.

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TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

"IT isn't the way I dreamt it, Mom." My small daughter's firm rejection of *Cinderella,* last week's ninety-minute musical extravaganza, was echoed by a half-dozen young viewers. "It's not a fairy story anymore." "The stepmother isn't mean enough." "Julie doesn't seem to be really sad." "What's the matter with the sisters—are they feeble-minded or something?" By the second commercial, indignation gave way to boredom. Soon the fairy tale on the screen was competing, in our living room, with a tussle on the floor, a bowl of popcorn and the Sunday papers. Thus the young tossed away the half-million dollar CBS production. The fact that Rodgers and Hammerstein wrote the music and book, that their adored Julie Andrews was the star, that an expert cast was performing in lavish settings did not redeem the show. To them, as to many older viewers, it was a resounding, disappointing flop.

What happened to the fairy story that has held certain enchantment for many generations of dreamers? Maybe the fairy godmother gave her baton one twirl too many to turn the tale into a real life drama with all the subtlety of a comic strip. Somebody certainly gave the gossamer quality the axe. I suspect that the bosses decided to keep the story line but "adapt it for TV." Make it new, Hammerstein, make it different. Give it the witty, satirical touch, the worldly, sophisticated know-how. But don't forget, thirty millions will be watching. We've got to be sure they all understand the story and we don't want to offend anyone. Hammerstein's adaptation did all that. For the timid-hearted, he so blurred the villainy of the stepmother and stepsisters that the former became a daffy Ilka Chase; the latter, cartoons too stupid to be either amusing or wicked, with an assortment of bovine noises which would be vulgar in cows. He invented a Beatrice Lillie-Marilyn Monroe cross to impersonate the fairy godmother, added an insipid king and Billie Burke-ish queen whose dialogue would scare a much stronger man than their son away from marriage.

Explaining the complexities of the plot was quite a trick, especially as the dramatic line had to allow for song pockets, interjected at regular intervals en route from fireplace to palace. Rodgers and Hammerstein were thorough. "The Prince is giving a ball!" announced a royal herald, "The Prince is giving a ball!" echoed the happy townspeople. I lost count of how many times the great news was repeated before reaching its climax in a song entitled "The Prince Is Giving a Ball." And when it came to justifying the hit tune of the show—"Do I love you because you're wonderful, or are you wonderful because I love you?"—the Prince and Cinderella did a masterful job. "Let's look back over our history together," he said, explaining that he had to understand why. Not Cinderella. Staunch member of the second sex, she explained, with a trill, "But I don't know why—I'm a gurrrl" (Professor Higgins would have winced).

The production did nothing to lighten the dragging treatment. One expected that imagination with sets and lighting and camera tricks would make a fairy land, but all the screen showed was crowded pretension. "Oh, how I love this room!" said Cinderella, admiring what appeared to be a large closet with a fake fireplace. And the ball—the huge glorious ball—was squeezed into a long-ish hallway, presumably in a sub-basement since the only entrance was down a long steep flight of steps. True, the special effects department came through with some honest-to-God white mice and a pumpkin that did turn into a perfect coach—but we were allowed to see that wonder for only a few seconds.

Even the enchanting, light-hearted Julie Andrews—whose special brand of gayety soars so happily through *My Fair Lady*—did poorly as the cinder maid. Puppet-like, she dashed from position to position, postured, closed her eyes tight (to demonstrate wishing for and/or being in love), seemed constricted by the set and always conscious of the camera. Her songs were faultlessly delivered—with no discernible feeling. Jon Cypher was a bit better as the prince, although his performance had the same mechanical quality. The whole performance was rigid.

Cinderella was a most imperfect union of Broadway and television, the Rodgers and Hammerstein genius being thoroughly lost in the living room. And the more lavish the production became, the further it turned from the dream that everyone has dreamed. Perhaps nobody at CBS watched NBC's *Mayerling.* If they had, they might have been forewarned to keep their eye on the essence of the story and let the production complement it, not swallow it in magnificence. Should it really cost a million dollars to tell a couple of love stories, even if one is a fairy-tale love story? *The Great Sebastians,* on NBC the night after *Cinderella,* gave the answer. It allowed the Lunts to rollick through the Lindsay-Crouse play, with the simplest of settings and an unobtrusive cast. The production was effectively scaled to the intimacy and informality of the home screen, and in this case a very light yarn was more effective on TV than it had been on Broadway. Super-magnificence is too rich for TV's blood. In spoils its fluidity, its imagination, and leaves it groaning with the effort of conspicuous waste. Viewers want to dream a little over their screens. It's hard to dream in the face of rhinestone bedazzlement.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

April 14 through 16

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, April 14

ALL ABOUT MUSIC (ABC). Second in a three-part series with Milton Cross as host. "Country Music" is the subject today; next week, jazz.

AIR POWER (CBS). Also part two of a trilogy, this one dealing with early days of Korean War and first appearance of American jet fighter.

ODYSSEY (CBS). Timeless of subject, "A Pilgrimage to Mecca," may help to rescue this shaky series. Film of the Holy City has rarely been seen by non-Moslems.

MEDICAL HORIZONS (ABC). "Blue Print for Epilepsy" will come from Los Angeles Guided Missile Defense Plant which is completely manned by epileptics, under supervision of UCLA Medical Center and the Veterans' Hospital.

NOTHING TO LOSE (NBC; Alcoa Hour). An atempted prison break and a knowing warden, played by Ralph Bellamy.

Monday, April 15

THE RICE SPROUT SONG (CBS; Studio One). Drama of contemporary China, adapted from a novel by Eileen Chang, directed by Sydney Lummey, produced by Herbert Brodkin.

Tuesday, April 16

SLOW ASSASSINATION (NBC; Armstrong Circle Theatre). Subtitle—"Peron vs. *La Prensa.*"

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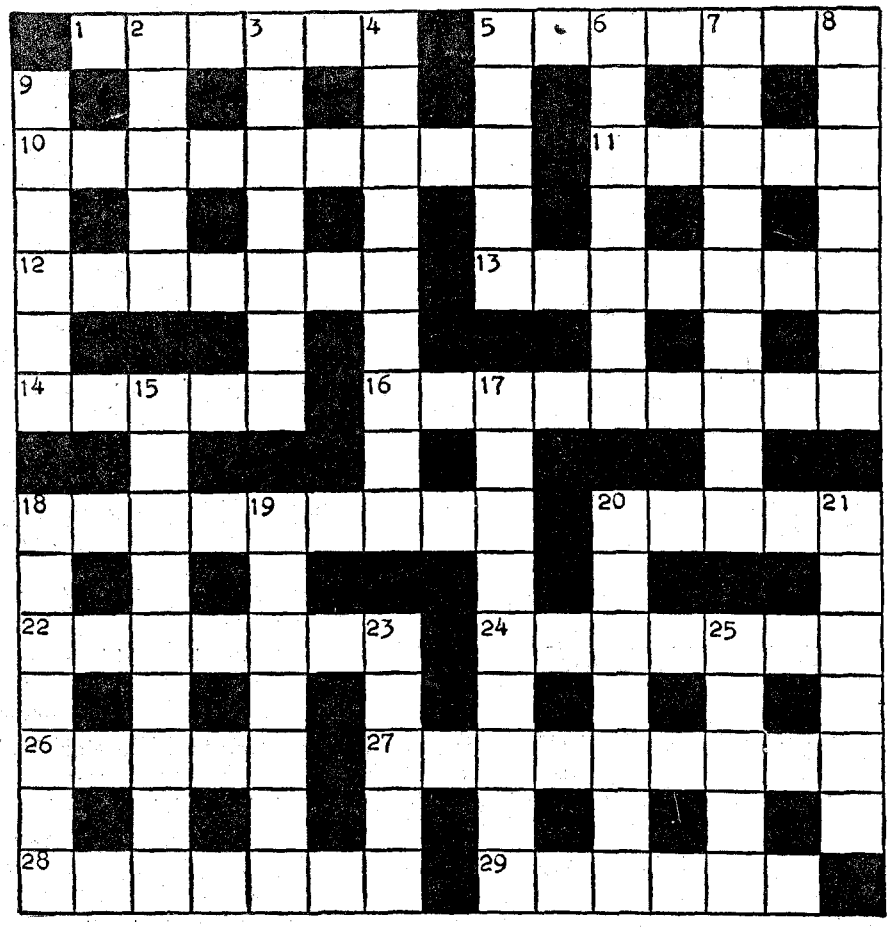
Crossword Puzzle No. 719

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 5 across Is this a cry of London? (4, 2, 3, 4)
10 Proving I invent an authentic snakebite remedy. (9)
11 See 22 across
12 Fatherly characterizations given by or to trusted individuals. (7)
13 A lover of Wagner. (7)
14 When applied to the ball of 16, it's the country type, as most balls are. (5)
16 Resistance, apparently. (9)
18 Aline a rug in a rather painful manner. (9)
20 Whole meal, perhaps, or just part of it. (5)
22 and 11 across Searching for the document? (It's useful in obtaining a copy.) (7, 5)
24 Some try to grow rich on this account. (7)
26 It might be material that I'm in love, and all broken up! (5)
27 Certainly a malevolent act. (4-5)
28 A logical place for retreat. (7)
29 Volunteer to be silent. (6)

DOWN:

2 and 18 down They presumably involve an election, and change the character of the local inhabitants. (12)
3 Made the evening complete? (7)
4 and 25 down What the manicurist might be doing, of no little value to the carpenter. (9, 5)
5 This can be held either way. (5).
6 The score is indistinguishable after bringing me back to the piano recently vacated. (7)
7 Compete in full strength? Quite the opposite! (9)
8 Not exactly angered by disorder. (7)
9 A rather large number in 11 indulge this way. (6)
15 Would a loud one be described as a howling success? (9)
17 Certainly not the smoke of battle. (5, 4)
18 See 2 down
19 Food full of citric acid in the middle and formic acid in the outside. (7)
20 A man is suggestive as to how the old sewing machine worked. (7)
21 Implying the medical man is nervous, and used to drag. (6)
23 Transient illumination. (5)
25 See 4 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 718

ACROSS: 1 SHIP OF THE LINE; 10 TRAIN; 11 LALLATION; 12 NOTEBOOKS; 13 TAHOE; 14 and 2 A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH; 19 and 22 THIRTY-SECOND RESTS; 24 POLICEMAN; 25 EGOTISTIC; 26 NOTES; 27 INCONSISTENCY. DOWN: 3 PENOBSCOT; 4 FOLLOWERS; 5 HOLDS; 6 LEAST; 7 NAILHOLE; 8 STINT; 9 ENFEOFF; 15 NECKLACES; 16 INNOCENCE; 17 STARTED; 18 DIES DOWN; 20 EMETIC; 21 ANISE; 23 SLIGO; 24 PUTTS.

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About Arthur F. Coca, M.D.

Dr. Coca is one of the world's leading allergy specialists. He is Honorary President of the American Association of Immunologists. For 17 years he was Medical Director of Lederle Laboratories. He taught at the Post-Graduate Medical School of Columbia University, was a Professor of Immunology at Cornell, has written extensively for medical journals throughout the world. The findings in "The Pulse Test" were first presented to the medical profession in a technical monograph, "Familial Non-reaginic Food Allergy." This book is in its third printing and we can supply copies at $10.50.

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